

An Autobiography

By Jean Kellogg Dickie

Addition to "Autobiography:"

* Note: The role of Augie Wilken,
(and her husband, "Willie" (baseball hero))
and Augie's two sons who stayed
alternately ^(at night) in my bedroom at
The Point ^{in order to} make nights safe
for my mother while I was absent
for three months in India —

I remember Augie and her mother,
(The Librarian of Vacaville), walking
down our driveway to visit
at tea-time -- Two great-northern
California women —

When Jim had his last critical operation —
Augie took me in — + fed me milk
and whiskey! She died in Auburn —
July 24, 1992

LEADING QUOTE:

Inscription on the facade of the National Academy of Sciences Building in Washington D.C.

The search for truth is in one way hard, and in another easy. For it is evident that none can master it fully, nor miss it wholly. But each adds a little to our knowledge of Nature and from all the facts assembled there arises a certain grandeur.

ARISTOTLE, METAPHYSICA, BK I

DEDICATION

To my parents, Charlotte and Vernon Kellogg, who gave me my "head start."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

My father was a professional biologist. Vernon Kellogg thought that he might have something useful to say about the nature of life and especially about consciousness. How did the universe find out what worked for existence? As a popular author -- one of the first to make science understandable to most people without restricting it -- he wrote a few important books and a great number of magazine articles.

Recently, certain interesting events have recalled to us the matter of Evolution. For most of us read the newspapers and once again arguments about Evolution have appeared on the front pages. This is the age of Science. Only my father wondered about the phenomena that have not been explained -- especially with regard to human life. Evolution -- now an accepted fact -- remains a puzzle. Perhaps consciousness rather than being a late evolutionary development was there all the time.

Fortunate are those of us whose roots are deep. In my own case, my history was greatly influenced by a scientific father whose ideas were far ahead of his time, and by a poet mother with deep emotional intuitions.

Beyond these fortunate beginnings my life has been full of coincidences. Like a hidden pattern these have played their part.

Recently, "serendipity" has become a popular word. I would cite Andre Breton's wise remark: "One has to put oneself in a State of Grace with Chance."

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CHAPTER I

PRELUDE

I was born on July 16, 1910, in Berkeley, California. The place represented a compromise between Stanford where my father was Professor of Entomology and Bionomics at the new university, and the east side of San Francisco Bay where my mother's family lived.

My parents had established their home on a hill west of campus. On my first Christmas, the Scottish naturalist, John Muir, came to call, slipping a shiny new coin under my pillow--"for a little hat," he said. To that family friendship and to father's zeal for mountain climbing I owe a blessed period of being close to the earth; without this early privilege I would have missed the main purpose and balance of my life.

Both my parents had mountains in their blood; especially mother whose family had emigrated to America from a remote Alpine Glen in eastern Switzerland. My great grandparents settled on the Nebraska prairie near Grand Island. There, they first suffered a grasshopper plague that destroyed their crops and then an onslaught of fatal prairie fever. Of the family of seven, my grandmother Regula, her two brothers and a sister survived. It was at one of Nebraska's settlement dances that Regula met Max Hoffman, a young Swiss from Zurich. They married and a year later, bundling their first born, they climbed aboard the new Pacific train. And so my mother, still an infant, arrived in

California in 1874, twenty years before father came west from Kansas.

My paternal grandfather, Lyman Beecher Kellogg, came to Kansas from Ohio, by way of Colorado and Arkansas. The Kelloggs had first appeared in America in the Connecticut Valley--settled in 1633 by Reverend Thomas Hooker, whose home had been close to that of the Kelloggs in Essex County, England. The Hooker party established what is now Hartford, Connecticut, and it is curious that after a lifetime elsewhere, my father should die in Hartford where he had gone for treatment of Parkinson's disease.

A century after Hooker arrived in New England, the Kelloggs moved out of the Connecticut Valley and western Massachusetts following old Indian trails into the Middle West. My father was born in Little Rock, Arkansas. His mother, Abigail Homer, of Brimfield, Massachusetts, died in 1873 when Vernon was six.

Subsequently casting his fortunes with Kansas, Lyman Beecher, settled in Emporia where he married Jennie Mitchell, a lawyer who became her husband's partner. They had a son, father's step-brother, Fred. Later my grandfather became Attorney General of Kansas. The country was still wild and the Kelloggs built a cabin for the boys on the Neosho three or four miles east of town. One summer the Sioux rode by in full regalia, going from their Dakota home to visit their Comanche comrades in the Indian Territory.

There was one friend in Emporia who helped to shape Vernon's life: William Allen White who would own and edit the Emporia Gazette, a pioneer small town independent newspaper. Will's

mother had ridden the stage into Emporia with Vernon's father, and both boys were soon enrolled in the newly opened College of Emporia. When Vernon took Will across the street to the City Library the two really discovered each other. Later, both went up to Kansas University at Lawrence. Vernon took with him the thin-leaved diary he had transformed into an ornithological journal filled with sightings of all Kansas birds, settled or migratory, noted in the fields, marshes, and lakes near town.

The Kansas State University of 1886 epitomized the great American Struggle going on between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains to create a material world from wilderness resources. Politics were dominated by the boss system which extended to the academic campus and influenced university newspapers. Right away, Will saw that because all citizens had the writ of habeas corpus and the rights of trial by jury and free assemblage and utterance, Americans did not understand how their government was turning into a plutocracy. This was the boy who, in 1905, became a champion of the liberal rebellion spreading through the northern states led by Wisconsin's governor Robert La Follette and by Theodore Roosevelt. That same year, George Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, was paying up to twenty-five hundred dollars for a White article, and White's book of stories about country newspapers, In Our Town, drew a flattering review from William Dean Howells and a personal letter from Mark Twain.

Vernon and Will were elected to the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. A third initiate was Fred Funston, a congressman's son.

Later, as Major General of the American Army, Funston commanded U.S. troops on the Mexican border when Pershing pursued Pancho Villa from New Mexico across the Rio Grande. All three were good writers and made an inseparable trio and, with other fellow students, liked to climb in the Colorado Rockies. Will was a middle sized boy with skimmed milk colored eyes and a broad forehead. His reddish hair was topped with a rather wide hat with a narrow black band--the type of headgear worn by Western cowmen and gamblers. My father was slight--a scant five feet seven--wiry and well muscled, he was gifted with intense nervous energy reflected in curiously brilliant blue eyes. As for Funston, he was strongly built, and had no fear neither physical nor spiritual.

Later when we lived in Washington D.C. where Will often came to visit us, father would recount at dinner parties an adventure from one of these Colorado outings.

"Funston and I had another boy's adventure in the Rockies--this time with a third college mate, now a wise professor. On this trip we had our guns, as we always had in those earlier days before the protection of the law had been thrown around the disappearing elk and bighorn. Near the top of Windy Gulch we saw a bear--a rather small bear--lumbering its way toward the summit. We immediately gave chase. The bear turned toward a rocky ridge not far away, and disappeared. But on reaching the ridge we made out what seemed the only hole or cave it could have gone into, and there expectantly awaited the coming-out of the bear.

But it did not come out. Now Funston soon made the rather startling proposal that he should crawl into the hole and stir up the bear, which, he argued would undoubtedly chase him out. We other two were to stand by the hole with cocked rifles, and were to shoot, not at the first thing that came out, which Funston fondly hoped would be himself, but at the second, which would presumably be an irate bear.

After careful consideration of this proposition, entirely generous on Funston's part, as one must admit,

Franklin and I finally declined it on the ground that in our excitement we should be almost certain to shoot at the first creature that appeared from the hole, and if this were Funston--as it probably would be if he came out at all, and we should hit him, we would have to answer to his parents. As his father was a Congressman, these parents seemed formidable. Also, if Funston, by any rub of the green, did not come out at all, we should have to help the burro carry Funston's pack back to camp. The final vote, therefore, was two to one against the proposal of the future general!"

This little story reveals my father's cautious and pragmatic nature and the wit he never lost. Vernon later mountaineered in California's Sierra Nevada; and when representing the United States in Geneva at the League of Nations' Committee for International Intellectual Cooperation, he took me with him to the Alps, teaching me how to step sideways on the glacier ice.

CHAPTER II

CARMEL I

"How white the beach at Carmel was that day."

Mary Austin

Soon after coming to Stanford my father invested in a small lot within walking distance of the beach at Carmel. Between Carmel and San Simeon on California's central coast the Santa Lucia mountain range forms a massive sea-wall against the Pacific. At Big Sur the first thousand feet of shore-line is straight down.

The Portuguese navigator, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, sailing by in 1542, wrote:

"All the coast passed this day is very bold; there is a great swell and the land is very high. There are mountains which seem to reach the heavens, and the sea beats on them; sailing along close to land, it appears as though they would fall on the ships."

Gaspar de Portola, the Spanish explorer, marching north from San Diego, reached Monterey Bay in 1770. Crossing the peninsula he camped on Point Lobos to await the arrival by sea of Fra Junipero Serra. At Lobos, Portola's party was approached by a band of unarmed Indians bearing food and holding feather-tipped rods. Portola noted that their chief was painted a handsome shiny black. The Indian's kitchen middens can still be found there surrounded by an iridescent paving of crushed abalone

shell, remnants of the mollusk that was their favorite food. The Spaniards called the place Punto de Los Lobos Marinos--Point of the Sea Wolves--after the sea-lions that haul up on the offshore reefs.

The following summer Serra established his second California Mission--San Carlos Borromeo de Carmelo--on a site just north of Lobos near the mouth of the Carmel River. By 1900 the ruins of the Franciscan Mission lent a romantic air to the spot selected by San Francisco's Bohemians as their natural retreat. The church has since been restored. The Indians indoctrinated by Serra, and by whose labor San Carlos was constructed disappeared leaving a few scattered and impoverished descendants. Some of the women married adventurers entering the Big Sur wilderness; a number of the men working as vaqueros for the new landowners.

During the early years of the nineteenth century Monterey was the required port of entry for all vessels trading along the coast of Alta California. First Spain, then Mexico and later, the United States, maintained Governors there, and with one brief exception, Monterey remained California's capital until 1854, the state's first Constitution having been signed there five years earlier.

The photographer, Arnold Genthe, recalls in his autobiography:

"Frank Powers, an attorney and brother-in-law of Ernest Thompson Seton, saw it (Carmel) as a perfect setting for a colony of writers, painters and kindred spirits. Concentrating his resources, he acquired the whole peninsula and founded there the village of Carmel-By-The-Sea, put up a small hotel, and cut up the land into forest lots which he sold on long time, easy payments."

Earliest resident was the poet George Sterling, host to social rebel and adventurer Jack London. London wrote a good deal in Carmel and like to be near Sterling whom he considered his best critic. The next house to go up after Sterling's was Mary Austin's. This plain-faced woman was soon to take her place beside Edith Wharton in the first rank of American women novelists. When she arrived in Carmel, Mary was enjoying a great success with her recently published desert sketches--The Land of Little Rain. Later, when Will White met Mary Austin, he concluded that she had a "tough-fibered" brain. He called her a mystic who "thought strongly and as logically as a mystic can." When she died he wondered--as do I--why her books so full of energy and delight seem to have passed away when her body perished. I think Vernon was in love with Mary during those first weeks on the strange wild beach and the sunny dunes--a rather intellectual love perhaps, for the confirmed bachelor.

Father was interested in Mary's theory of genius. Although he was a Darwinian, Vernon felt closer to the ideas of Darwin's contemporary, Thomas Henry Huxley, who was critical of Darwin's views on Natural Selection. Huxley theorized that species change was somehow aided by spontaneous mutations which altered linear evolutionary development. New forms could occur as a result of spontaneous flashes from a primordial well of energy. Huxley's surmise agrees with the intuitions of abstract mathematicians and the aesthetic inspirations of creative artists. And in our day the most advanced work in genetics also tends to support this view.

Austin's theory of genius was perhaps closer to Darwin. For her, genius was the individual's capacity for utilizing racial experience which we all retain latently within our psychical constitutions.

"Genius may be for an hour or a thousand years; its indispensable quality is continuing with the life-push. For if genius is what I think it is, it is the growing tip of the race-life, having behind it the long unbroken stem of racial experience, using the individual as the instrument of new adventures and possible increments of growth."

Other talents attracted to Carmel's white beach were Ambrose Bierce, the iconoclastic critic who had directed Sterling's reading and helped to form his classical taste; Jimmie Hopper, short story writer; the novelist Harry Leon Wilson and his future wife, Helen Cooke--Sinclair Lewis and Arnold Genthe were among her admirers--and Charles Warren Stoddard, bridging the Bret Harte period to ours.

"The Crowd" at Carmel also included London's old neighbor from the Piedmont hills, the Aztec painter, Xavier Martinez; and later, Ferdinand and Burgdorff, Jesse Lynch Williams, Will Irwin and Lincoln Steffens and Nora May French, a woman whose gifts, Mary Austin said, approached those of Sterling and London. Most walked the trails that Stevenson took when he lived in Monterey, and gathered around campfires to discuss the coming social revolution, sexual freedom and the right of the individual under certain circumstances to suicide. Nora May French, Carrie and George Sterling and later, Jack London--hopeless at forty--claimed this liberty.

Graduates from the University of California at Berkeley

travelled to Carmel for weekend parties. Charlotte Mignon Hoffman, granddaughter of the magistrate of the Swiss Canton of Glarus, had inherited pioneer spirit and the German-Jewish blood of the Baumgartners. "There is no recent student of this university in whose success as a teacher I should have greater confidence," wrote Thomas Bacon, Berkeley's Professor of Modern European History. Already, at eighteen, Charlotte was teaching in a Napa public school north of San Francisco. Life in the Napa Valley was hard; moreover, in order to collect her County salary checks, Charlotte had to visit the Napa Insane Asylum. The impressions that she received there lasted a lifetime; afterwards through her writings she helped to focus the issue of treatment of the mentally ill.

That my mother should have met my father in Carmel, and that Vernon should have bought land there, eventually determined the course of my life.

Santa Lucia granite had cooled during the Mesozoic Era before Ice Age beasts roamed the Monterey area. Giant bison and sabertooth tigers have been replaced by smaller cousins--foxes, weasels and an occasional cougar following deer down the coastal canyons. The French critic, Henri Focillon, maintained that it was the artist who created the landscape about him. True, I saw the Big Sur country in terms of the poetry of Robinson Jeffers, yet the poet himself states the anomaly:

"I will find my accounting where the alder leaf quivers
In the ocean wind over the river boulders.
I will touch things and things and no more thoughts,
That breed like mouthless May-flies darkening the sky,
The insect clouds that blind our passionate hawks
So that they cannot strike, hardly can fly."

And Augustine: "for as shadows attend substances, so words follow upon things" (De Civ. Dei, 15,23).

So, it was from the natural environment of Carmel to which my parents brought me soon after I was born, that I was to draw the spiritual and creative power I needed for the challenges of life.

CHAPTER III

ITALY

In July of 1907 a letter from Vernon arrived in Emporia for William Allen White and his wife Sallie Lindsay, whom Will had married in '93.

"In those fifty words he told us with exuberant and elided joy that he had found the girl--the very girl--a goddess, and that they were in love. He added: 'She has gone to Europe to get away from me. I am off for Europe. Goodby.' Exclamation points, a few stars and his initials, V.L.K."

I always felt that Eleanore Duse had played a role in bringing my parents together. Entering a Carmel cabin for a weekend party, Charlotte noticed a drawing of the Italian actress propped up against the redwood mantelpiece. Curious, she inquired for the owner; the host went to get Vernon whose property it was, and so they were introduced. My mother must have thought it singular that a science professor would carry such a portrait about when away from the university. A romantic sanguine sketch by a Russian, it remained in our home until after mother's death when I gave it to Carmel's Library.

The passion expressed in Vernon's note to Will marked the awakening of father's deepest nature and the end of his bachelorhood. It had taken almost three years after that first meeting for the letter to be written; then a few more weeks before the San Francisco Examiner ran a brief notice headed: "College Girl to Wed Professor." Concurrently, the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, where Charlotte's younger brother Carl worked, published a longish column with the banner headline "Professor and

Social Favorite Soon to Wed"--an odd epithet for the girl considering her difficult early years and brief career as a teacher.

Learning that Charlotte had gone to Rome to stay with friends, Vernon secured a leave of absence from Stanford and set out for Italy. He rented the Villino Orcio in Settignano just outside the city of Florence and here on April 27, 1908, my parents were married. The tall young girl with chestnut hair and hazel eyes had become the beauty seen in Arnold Genthe's photographs. In the wedding picture Charlotte appears even taller next to Vernon's slight figure.

Guests coming to Settignano included Charlotte's older brother Martin. Martin, his brother Carl, and a sister, Regula, were all born in Point Arena, a small lumber town on California's north coast. How their father died there my mother was never willing to discuss with me. But soon after his death the Hoffman family moved to the San Francisco Bay Region. My grandmother never remarried and the "boys" remained bachelors, looking after their mother until her death in 1933.

Other guests at the Villino Orcio were Berkeley classics professor Charles Mills Gayley and Mrs. Gayley; Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, wife of Berkeley's university president, and Jean Howard Schoonmaker, sister of playwright Sidney Howard. Chosen as my Godmother when I was born, I was to be named for her. Also present were father's old friends from Cornell, Professor Hugh Comstock, the distinguished entomologist, and Mrs. Comstock.

Charlotte and Vernon particularly wanted Mary Austin to come

to their wedding. Charlotte had become a close friend of Mary's, echoing Vernon's admiration in a more feminine way--"Dear Spirit of the Woods and Sea," mother wrote; father's letters carrying a more straightforward salutation--"Dear Mary" occasionally varied by "My dear friend."

Decided to make my parents wedding the focus of a trip to Europe, Mary Austin went to New York late in the winter of 1907. Before sailing she visited her publishers and wrote Vernon from the Marth Washington Hotel:

"The Century turned down my novel on account of my unusual views on marriage but Harper's jumped at it... Alden and Howells (William Dean Howells was then editor at Harper's) are much more worth while than anybody on the Century. Mr. Alden says that this novel (Santa Lucia) should place me in the first rank of American writers far above Mrs. Wharton. As to that, I am not yet ready to agree...

"Tomorrow I lunch with the American Magazine to discuss stories by various authors dealing with problems of modern living other than sex. They have asked me to write one of the Powers of Men series being led by William James...

"Do you know we quite forgot that I was to take the Ring. What have you done about it? I am taking a blister pendant for Charlotte's Christmas. Think of us in Florence that day.

As ever, Mary Austin"

The wedding guests lingered as long as possible in the Florentine countryside--Mary finally going on her way accompanied by mother's former travelling companion, Edna McDuffie, later the wife of Horace Lyon, Carmel's mayor and friend of the poet Robinson Jeffers.

"Beppi - Beppee!" "Commandi, Signora!" "Acqua fresca, Beppi" "Sisignora!" Mother calls to the gardener for clear, cold water to be brought from the cellar well in shining, dripping, brass-bound copper pails. Maria, the cook, calling on the

saints, starts to polish the kitchen and pantry floor until the boards shine white under the thin green paint. Boy, a large dog, follows father about the garden, posing now and then for appropriate snapshots.

In the service of Beppi and the maid, Marina, and Maria, my parents found a quality of personal relationship that touched them deeply. Father writes:

"We wandered out one Sunday morning into the Gamberaia fields and found the day and the flowers and cicale and all so enchanting that luncheon time came and we were not aware of it. And after awhile, as we lay outstretched on a flower bank by a path in the olive orchard, we heard a step and there was smiling Beppi, hat in hand, and softly saying the hour. He had sought us through the fields and orchards while Marina had gone by the roadway, and as we all came home together, Maria stood welcoming us at the gate..."¹

Close by the villa Orcio on Settignano hillside is a modest gray house which once belonged to the Buonarrotti family. Michelangelo's foster-mother was the daughter of a stone cutter and the boy drew his first picture on the villa floor. It is because Italian art so interpenetrated Italian life, says Edith Wharton--because the humblest stone-mason followed in some sort the lines of the great architects, and the modeler of village Madonnas the compositions of the great sculptors--that so much came from such apparently prosaic and unpromising sources.

Near the end of November it was time for my parents to return to California. They reached Stanford before Christmas and early the following year leased an acre of adobe soil from the university and built a two-story stucco building with a second floor balcony finished in the Italian style.

Of this marriage I was to be the only child; never precocious, I was thrust early into the company of older people and soon developed a taste for reading.

Besides teaching at the university, father was writing prolifically.

"Human consciousness is in perpetual pursuit of a language and a style. To assume consciousness is at once to assume form.... The chief characteristic of the mind is to constantly describe itself...like the artist, the mind works upon nature."²

Vernon and his publisher, Henry Holt, were helping to lay the foundations of what is now called popular science. Twenty years after father's death, Jacques Ducharme wrote an article in the Saturday Review of Literature titled Knowledge Without Pain. In it he said:

"I can still recall Dr. Kellogg's comment on the Great Snowy Owl. It ran something like this; 'The scientific name of the Great Snowy Owl is Nyctea Nyctea, which means that it is nocturnal and extremely so.' This personal touch of Dr. Kellogg's, his 'extremely so' is the new note in the reporting of science so typical of our times."

V.L.K. was a great admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson. In his bachelor's study he kept Charles Scribner's edition of Stevenson's complete writings. Like Stevenson he recognized the living individual personality of nature, but counted himself an ally in a fair quarrel, pitting his strength against hers. Nature inspired him with a strange fierce energy. He scrutinized nature's systems to glean some hints as how to further human evolution, carefully noting radical differences between the

successful but unchanging societies of bees and ants and the potential for freedom in human society--if it did not stultify itself in mechanically organized ways.

In 1904, Vernon accompanied Stanford's first President, David Starr Jordan, to the Samoan Islands to study fishes. Arrived at Stevenson's island, Upolu, Jordan and Kellogg were welcomed by the King and given Samoan names to be used during their stay---for Dr. Jordan: "The Big Man Who Catches Little Fishes"; for V.L.: "The Little Man Who Catches Big Fishes." (One evidence of their success was the naming of a particularly beautiful green and crimson fish--Kelloggella Cardinalis Jordan.)

There is evidence that the Samoans loved Tusitala, their "teller of tales," with a deep and lasting affection. Laura Stubbs relates in her Record of a Pilgrimage how Sosimo, a young Samoan house boy, devoted himself more and more to Louis. One morning Stevenson expressed his gratitude for an act of personal kindness: "Oh, Sosimo, great is your wisdom!" "Nay, Tusitala," replied the Samoan, "greater is the love." Later when Stevenson suddenly died, he fell--not to the floor--but into Sosima's arms.

Neighbors at Stanford were all professors and officials of the university. The Herbert Hoover house on the hill above and to our left, later became the residence of Stanford's presidents. I had a pet white rabbit and one day it got loose and ran down the hill in front of the Hoover house. Chancing to observe this event and the little girl chasing after the animal, Hoover decided to call me Rabbit. The name stuck and was adopted by my father; Hoover used the nickname even after my marriage.

Contrary to popular belief, Herbert Clark Hoover did not come to Stanford directly from his Iowa birthplace. Orphaned at the age of ten, he had been cared for by various Quaker relatives. He was sent to live with his Uncle Laban Miles, U.S. Government Indian Agent for the Osage tribe in the Indian Territory, who was one of the many Quakers who had dedicated their lives to the cause of the Indians at that time. Later Hoover chose as his Vice President Charles Curtis, a Kaw Indian. But his life among the original Americans was interrupted by other aunts and uncles who brought him back to Iowa, and then, for some reason not clearly remembered now, it was decided that young Herbert should go to Oregon to stay with a Grandfather Miles. From this very strict home he eventually ran away--he wanted to become independent and go to a modern scientific university.

So when it was announced in the Portland papers that a professor from Stanford would visit the city in the early summer of 1891, and hold entrance examinations for the new university, Hoover applied and was enrolled the following October in the "pioneer class" of Stanford University. From various odd jobs he had accumulated a total of two hundred dollars.

Three years later Vernon Kellogg arrived to take up his position as Assistant Professor of Entomology, and the meeting of the two young men was to have fateful consequences for our family.

When I was two years old, father decided to go to London to conduct research at the British Museum. We sailed from San

Francisco in January arriving at Dover in an early dawn snowstorm. Ever since Hoover had acquired his reputation as the world's leading consulting mining engineer, he had been employed by a London engineering firm, and maintained a home in that "City of ships."³ When we arrived, all the Hoovers were at home: Herbert and his wife Lou Henry, their two sons, Herbert Jr. and Allan, and Rags, the dog. For generations this house had been called The Red House, a name that in succeeding years became more and more widely known to Americans living in, coming to, or passing through London. A big silver Persian cat and a smaller beige Siamese regularly attended breakfasts; Mr. Hoover liked to have one in his lap as he talked. The bookshelves in the house were crowded with volumes on geology, mining and metallurgy, besides others on politics and economics; all of Sherlock Holmes was there, which Hoover read at night for relaxation.

We stayed mostly with the Fernalds in St. John's Wood and in May went over to Paris, taking along my English nurse, Miss Jane Rumble. It could be said that I was enjoying a "head start."

Hoover wrote:

"The happiest period of all humanity in ten centuries was the twenty-five years before the First World War. It was the habit of intellectuals to disparage those times as callous, crude, dominated by bad taste and greed, with privilege to the few and poverty and squalor to the many...

"Yet in the eyes of a professional observer, this period stands in high contrast to the quarter century that had gone before.

"Freedom of speech and worship, the right of men to choose their own callings, the security of justice were yearly spreading over wider and wider areas. Men were able to move practically without any restriction across frontiers. Of all the nations in the world,

Russia and Turkey alone required passports. And above all, the long peace had developed a great growth of the human spirit--that of confidence and boundless hope...

"Then the world stumbled into the Great War and the period of Great Fear settled like a fog upon the human race--to last, perhaps, for generations...with a single spark the evil spirits rose to strangle all reason. The world in a storm of emotion gave way to fear, hate and destruction."

The Hoovers had engaged passage on the Lusitania sailing from London to New York the middle of August, 1914. But the war came on, and with it Hoover's first relief undertaking--that of helping 70,000 stranded Americans get home. These people, rich and poor alike, found themselves suddenly penniless because of the moratorium on bank credits: Letters of credit, traveller's checks, drafts--all were mere printed paper. In his book, Herbert Hoover, The Man and His Work, father states:

"[Hoover] gathered together all his available money and that of American friends and opened a unique bank in London which had no depositors and took in no money, but continuously gave it out against personal checks signed by unknown but American-looking people on unknown banks in Walla Walla and Fresno and Grand Rapids and Dubuque and Emporia and New Bedford..." Now on all these checks and promises to pay amounting to over \$1,500,000, just \$250 failed to be realized, a striking monument to the honesty of the American school teacher and traveller of that time.

Back in California, the year preceeding the outbreak of the First World War had been a happy one for our family. Summer months were spent at Carmel where my parents took part in Mary Austin's two Indian plays--Fire and The Arrow Maker. Fire had its premiere on July 26, 1913; The Arrow Maker was performed almost exactly one year later. V.L.K. was stage director for both productions--mother acting the Chisera part in both plays. The Medicine Woman's costume she wore in The Arrow Maker was made

of fringed deerskin ornamented with ropes of shells falling nearly to the ground. Besides pouch and painted wand, there was a striking crown composed of pearly sickle shaped Abalone rims standing erect on a leather head-band from which hung flat ear pieces of the same iridescent shell.

One other artistic event of the period is worth noting--the first exhibition of color photographs in America. In 1909, Arnold Genthe had made several poetic black and white portraits of my parents at the same time that he was carrying out some of the earliest experiments in color photography. In her catalogue, The Magic Lens of Dr. Genthe, Betty Lochrie Hoag writes:

"His Lumiere plates of figures, heads, landscapes and marines were exhibited...in both San Francisco and New York. The old San Francisco Wave was the first American magazine to reproduce colored pictures, and they were done from Genthe's autochromes.

Color work executed in Carmel, lupin and poppy fields, the cliffs and cypresses of Point Lobos, sunsets, beach scenes and portraits--created a real sensation in San Francisco. Genthe did a small Lumiere of myself at the age of four in which he used the brilliant red and green dyes of East Indian pillow covers as striking foils for the pure white tone of my frock.

Our Carmel stay was cut short when Germany declared war on France on August 3, 1914. The distant vanes are set that read our future.

CHAPTER IV

THE WAR--BELGIUM

In October, just before Mrs. Hoover and the boys left London for California, an American engineer named Millard Shaler who had extensive interests in gold and diamonds in the Congo, brought Hoover an urgent plea for the starving Belgians. In spite of German permission for the import of food there was a stiff blockade around Belgium. Nothing could be done until Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey, chancellor and Foreign Minister of Britain, would consider obtaining German guarantees of safe conduct. Beyond that, complicated international financial arrangements would have to be set up in order to procure ships and foodstuffs. Some strong neutral government must warrant the safe distribution of supplies. That country would be America, and Hoover became Chairman of The Commission for Relief in Belgium. To aid him in this enterprise he looked to young American engineers, but when it became apparent that the C.R.B. must have an "Ambassador" to the German Great Headquarters at Charleville, Hoover sent for Stanford Professor Vernon Kellogg who had studied in Leipzig and was known for his tact as well as language proficiency. Some months later in an effort to save the lace industry in Belgium, a cable arrived for my mother which merely said: "Come, Hoover."

So it was arranged that while my parents were abroad I would stay with my Aunt Regula in Piedmont, a hilly suburb of Oakland, California. My aunt, a divorcee, was teaching science at Piedmont's fashionable Ransom Bridges School. She was exceed-

ingly popular with her students and with the school administration and had a daughter, a slender olive-complexioned girl almost exactly my age. An only child like myself, Regula Bernays quickly became more sister than cousin. My aunt treated us even handedly; she was a strict disciplinarian, and I soon learned what it was to "work for a living!" Also in our household was another teacher friend, Miss Florence Beard, sharing the task of bringing up two energetic children.

Farther up the Piedmont slopes my grandmother kept her home and garden. My uncles Martin and Carl Hoffman lived their bachelor lives there. After such harsh beginnings they had established themselves in Bay Area businesses. Martin founded a successful candy factory in Oakland where my aunt sometimes worked tying packages with fancy ribbons. Carl showed signs of becoming an intellectual and entered the newspaper business as assistant to the radical editor of the San Francisco Call Bulletin. Fremont Older had befriended Jack Black, the famous robber, and was generally a friend of the underdog--a sympathy passed on to Carl and shared by my mother. Like other natives of the Canton of Glarus, grandmother was Protestant, attending Oakland's Methodist Church where Regula and I attended Sunday School. German was often heard in the house--usually in the form of short affectionate greetings.

Occasionally one or both my parents, travelling in the protective shadow of a convoy, would cross the Atlantic to visit us in California. At the turn of the century while Stanford was busy developing a Division of Marine Biology and Oceanography on

Monterey Bay, Vernon had acquired several acres of forested land in the Carmel Highlands. There he built a board-and-batten cabin for his family.

While I lived with my aunt she must have noted certain childish fears that were to express themselves in various ways later on. I am not sure if father's scientific scruples had anything to do with this--he had expressed some apprehension that I might not be born healthy, and was careful to make me aware of possible dangers in the natural world. In any case, my aunt paid me fifty cents to dive off a rock in California's Eel River and later taught me to drive, and when I was fifty finally overcame my scruples toward marriage. I remember that when I was an art student at Washington's Corcoran Gallery, I was afraid to draw the cast of a foot. In spite of this--like Demosthenes with his pebble--I became a fairly good draughtsman.

In 1915, Vernon was on leave from Stanford to the Headquarters--Grosses Hauptquartier--of all the German Armies of the West. It was situated in a small town on the Meuse river where it pours out of a canyon in the Ardennes.

"Here was Von Falkenhayn, the Kaiser's Chief of Staff, and sometimes even the All-Highest himself, who never missed the Sunday morning service in the long low corrugated-iron shed which looked all too little like a royal chapel ever to interest a flitting French bomber."⁴

Father had been a pacifist all along. As a biologist, he believed that reliance by animal kinds for success in the world depended upon a more or less extreme adoption of the mutual-aid principle, as contrasted with the mutual-fight principle, and that this fact is much more widely spread among the lower animals

than is usually recognized. Among officials at the Headquarters were a few intellectuals who had exchanged, for the moment, academic robes for field-gray army uniforms. Most German biologists and natural philosophers of that period were Neo-Darwinists who maintained a creed of natural selection based on violent and fatal competitive struggle. This struggle should occur precisely to test the various human groups and the best put in position to impose its kind of social organization on the others--or, alternatively to destroy and replace them.

This post-Darwinian point of view, of which Weissman, an eminent German biologist was the chief exponent, goes much beyond Darwin's own conceptions. Vernon, himself, had always tried to show that the principle of mutual aid--or altruism as we have come to call it in human terms--is found in the character of many kinds of lower animals, and had, in the case of Man, developed from an unconscious principle into a new important thing--a conscious evolutionary development. He felt that the high development of mutual aid, plus more brain power, plus the existence of something called spirit or soul with its attendant freedoms--the interaction of all these--was what distinguished Man from the other animals and made him human.

The house where Vernon lodged was a favored center of discussion, and the disheartening kind of argument that he faced there helped to change a reasoned pacifist into a supporter of a great war.

By 1916, Charlotte had followed her husband to Europe as the only woman member of the Relief Committee for Occupied Belgium

and France allowed inside the "barbed wire ring." She soon developed a friendship with Cardinal Mercier of Malines--the "Fighting Cardinal" who was literally holding Belgium together while the King and Queen were absent during the occupation. Mercier was an early advocate of a Universal Church, and was on exceptionately friendly terms with both Pope Benedict XV and the British Prelates. When my mother introduced me to the Cardinal at Malines, he looked at me gravely and said: "I am seventy-four, how old are you?"

After the Armistice, mother made her way on foot and in disguise back to Brussels where she watched the Germans leave and, on November 22, 1918, the King and Queen return at the head of 30,000 allied troops. After the review in front of the Parliament Buildings, she went inside the historic chamber to hear King Albert's homecoming speech. Echoes of the immortal words--"A country that defends itself imposes itself on the respect of all"--resounded above the silent intensity of the crowd. Standing just next to the rostrum was the Primate of Belgium whose flaming robe seemed, on that day, a very garment of victory.

Charlotte remained several more months to study the effects of war on the lace makers of the country who had in the past already suffered from long hours and pitiful pay. Hoover had forced an international agreement which permitted the Commission for Relief in Belgium to bring thread for the Lace Committee into Belgium, and further financial aid from America coupled with arrangements to buy lace, kept hope alive for the women and

children who depended on this ancient art for their livelihood.

When the Belgians learned that my mother had a daughter in far away California, they presented her with a gift for me--a miniature of their little Princess Marie-Jose'. Surmounted by a diamond crown, the hand-painted medallion encircled by the same gem, was finished with three oval pearl drops and suspended from a platinum chain. On the reverse an inscription bears my name. Later I gave the jewel to the Hoover Institution at Stanford and borrowed it back to wear when I represented my ailing mother at a reception there for King Baudouin in 1959. When I was introduced, the King smiled warmly and reached out his hand to touch the necklace.

CHAPTER V

POLAND

"My dear Mr. Paderewski, I can tell you that Poland will be resurrected and will exist again. For Poland the miracle of independence will come from the West..."⁵

Woodrow Wilson, 1916

Leaving Charlotte in Brussels, father went on to Warsaw as chief of the Allied Governments' Supreme Economic Council's delegation to Poland--a post to which he had been appointed by Herbert Hoover, the Council's general executive. With two companions, Colonel W.R. Grove and Vance McCormick, Vernon arrived in that stricken city January 4, 1919.

Let me recreate the events of the preceeding Christmas Day: the British cruiser, Condor, after cutting its way through the mine-sown North Sea, approaches Danzig, Poland's ancient seaport on the Baltic. On board are the Polish pianist-statesman, Ignace Jan Paderewski, his wife Helena, and a small British military mission, the first to arrive in liberated Poland. Except for the red flags of the German Socialist Party, the once brilliant Venice of the North appears drab. A cold mist hangs over the empty docks. As he says good-bye, Paderewski takes off his gold wrist watch and presents it to the captain of the Condor.

The party that steps from the landing ladder includes Colonel Wade and the British Army officers with him, two naval aides, the Paderewskis and their personal secretary, Sylwin Strakacz.

They scan the port, sea-bordered and river-crossed. Paderewski turns to Colonel Wade: "You are looking out through the ancient window of our race."

Arthur Balfour, Britain's powerful foreign secretary, had asked his close friend, Paderewski, to try and form a government that could represent Poland at the Paris Peace Conference. (Neither the Komite' National⁶ nor the military government in Warsaw had been recognized by His Majesty's Government.)

Armistice meant something real on the West and Austro-Italian fronts, but it meant little to Eastern Europe. When Paderewski's party stopped at a hotel in Poznan where post-war German troops were trying to incite civil disorder, there followed three days of hand to hand fighting in the streets until the Poles overcame the Germans and took control of their city. Paderewski had not tried to bring this about. Simply, his presence had done it.

I have often wondered about that age-old question: is it the individual or a historical force that determines the course of events? According to the French (art) critic, Henri Focillon;

History is not pure sequence, rather it is the superimposition of very widely spaced present moments. On the one hand the human person fulfills his function as individual, while, on the other, historical change goes forward by its own inner necessity.

The British Mission arrived at Warsaw station on New Year's Eve. The platform was crowded with people in their winter costumes. Here and there, illumined by flaming torches, one could

see uniforms of the new army, with silver tassels and ornamented with deep red, with the historical four-cornered caps of ancient Poland.

The scene evidences the truth that a nation which is beaten will endure and continue, since the desire and power of every people to exist are permanent. History is full of illustrations of this fact.

Warsaw's situation differed from Poznan's. No enemy troops were in the capital which was under the firm control of another Polish hero, General Jozef Pilsudski, who commanded all the Polish forces. Released by the Germans in November of 1918, he had formed a socialist government that expressed in Poland the revolt of the working classes who before the end of the war had staged revolutions in Russia and Germany. Unlike Paderewski who had won his diplomatic gains outside Poland (it was he who had persuaded Wilson to make the independence of Poland his "Thirteenth Point"), Pilsudski had tried to unify his country from within, remaining in the Polish Romantic tradition of "direct action through force."

Paderewski felt that a government representing all parties would be best for Poland. Pilsudski refused Paderewski's offer of cooperation; only Poland's starving and bankrupt condition made him listen at all.

So, by the time father arrived, Paderewski had left Warsaw and was staying in Krakow. Vernon reported to Hoover in Paris:

"The critical region of Poland is the East Front. Lemberg is besieged by Ukranians: Vilna has just been taken by the Communists...the government here is purely socialist...Paderewski's arrival here has set things

boiling. The people are starving. Typhoid is raging."

The afternoon of his arrival, my father called on Pilsudski and again the next day. In his Memoirs, Years of Adventure, Hoover wrote:

"He (Dr. Kellogg) felt there was only one hope and that was for Pilsudski, who had the army's backing, to be put on a pedestal. To close up the factions, he recommended that Ignace Paderewski, the favorite of all Poles, should be placed at the head of a stronger cabinet as Prime Minister and take complete control of the civil government.... Dr. Kellogg asked that he be authorized to inform Pilsudski that unless this was done American cooperation and aid were futile. I did so and got the hint reinforced from President Wilson..."

Pilsudski listened to the arguments of an American empowered to set up machinery for inflowing aid; he agreed to cooperate politically with Paderewski and to ask Balfour's envoy to form a new Cabinet.

It was for this purpose that Pilsudski sent his chief of staff across the freezing plains to Krakow the night of January 6th.

On the morning of the seventh, Paderewski was back in Warsaw. At 10:30, father and colonel Grove started to inspect the relief kitchens and look over the poorer districts of the city. At noon Paderewski called on Pilsudski who agreed to form a joint government with the democrat holding the double post of prime minister and minister of foreign affairs.

That same afternoon father and Colonel Grove called on the Paderewskis and stayed with them about three quarters of an hour. Before explaining the Polish political situation as he saw it, Paderewski recalled to Vernon an incident in California that had occurred many years before. At the request of some Stanford

students working their way through the university--among them, Herbert Hoover--he had agreed to give a concert in the next door city of San Jose. Hearing of the sensational success of Paderewski's San Francisco concerts, Hoover and a college-mate thought they saw a way to finance the rest of their college careers. They would guarantee the artist the sum of twelve hundred dollars; however, they overlooked the fact that the date of the concert would fall during Holy Week when many people will not attend even a concert. There was scarcely half an audience. The students were stunned. Hoover had gone to the pianist's manager: "Mr. Paderewski will get what is due him," he said, "We will earn the money."

Paderewski had another plan; he sent for the boys and told them to pay first what they owed in the city, and then to keep thirty percent--the customary manager's fee--for themselves. He would take the rest.

"I enjoyed giving this concert for young Hoover," the Pole told my father!

"And now," Vernon said, "it is Poland's turn to be helped." "Yes, isn't it one of those simply unbelievable turns in the road of destiny," Paderewski replied, "that bankrupt western engineering student tackling the bankruptcy of my country--isn't it unbelievable, Kellogg?"

With the exception of my relationship with my cousin, Regula, friendships developed by my parents through their contacts in Europe and the United States affected my early years much more than any passing acquaintance with my peers. Beginning

in 1920, I moved about a great deal, and not until I entered the art department at Yale University when I was eighteen, did I have to take stock of my own delayed adolescence.

CHAPTER VI
SWITZERLAND AND THE LEAGUE--I

One day in 1921, my parents brought me back to Europe. They wanted me to see first hand the devastation brought about by a great war. We reached the northern French provinces in November; squads of soldiers were making their way across now silent battlefields, lifting barbed wire entanglements, searching for unexploded bombs and mines. Each time one of these was detonated an orange flare lit up the leaden clouds overhead. In the Chemin des Dames region we were met by the "Maires" of the ruined towns. Tears streaming down their cheeks, they handed us baskets of winter violets. We travelled in a flower-filled motor, moving from one sad welcome to another through a vast desolation unchanged after three years. If my parents had wished to impress me with the horrors of war, they had succeeded--it was a picture I was not to forget.

Yet already in the following year because of American refusal to remit any of the Allied debts, Uncle Sam became Uncle Shylock and gratitude and even adoration changed to bitterness. "Uncle in name and Uncle in nature" was one British jibe that bit deeply.

But there remained the League of Nations--a monument to Woodrow Wilson's faith in the people and that their final decisions would vindicate his original conceptions. By staying in Paris Wilson did save and ensure the League--an extraordinary political experiment that all peoples could begin to support.

This was possible because democratic control of foreign policy through parliaments and congresses had replaced the absolute rule of monarchs. It was the arrival of a new system and another age.

I was soon to be introduced to the city of John Calvin on the shore of Lake Geneva. During the twenties my father came regularly to Geneva to represent the United States at the meetings of the League's Commission for International Intellectual Co-operation. In this work he alternated with his friend, Robert Millikan, the American physicist and the discoverer of the Cosmic Ray. In spite of America's refusal to join the League, American appearance at Geneva was becoming increasingly frequent. The Commission was one of the League's most successful efforts; its members included Albert Einstein, the German theoretical physicist, and Poland's Marie Curie, radium's discoverer. The Commission usually met in July. Various personalities associated with the League had taken up residence in or near Geneva. The place was a point of contact for the pressmen of Europe and the city developed a social climate rivalling the political scene in its fascination variety.

The summer of 1925 we were invited to the celebration of the sixty-fifth birthday of Ignace Jan Paderewski at his farm near Riond Bosson, forty miles out along the lakeshore from Geneva. After resigning as Prime Minister of the new Poland at the end of 1919, Paderewski had been that country's first delegate to the

League of Nations. Not a great administrator, his individual romanticism, his habits, and his wife's habits, had made him a target of the Polish opposition. Herbert Hoover said:

"It was with rare moral courage that he made this momentous decision...refusing to take advantage of the military arm that could have preserved him and his colleagues in office. This he did lest he do infinite harm to the cause of democracy.

And in his biography, Ignace Paderewski, Rom Landau tells us:

"The main problem of his premiership seemed to lie not only in the perpetual conflict between the East and the West, represented by the national spirit and Pilsudski on the one hand and Paderewski himself on the other, but rather in the divergence between that particular East and Paderewski's individual artistic conception of the West."

The Paderewskis returned to the farm they had purchased some years before at Morges, Switzerland. Referring to the moody character of his countrymen, Paderewski had earlier declared:

"Here may be found, perhaps, the secret of a certain enveloping charm that is ours; here, too, may be our greatest demerit. Change follows change in us almost without transition; we pass from blissful rapture to sobbing woe; a single step divides our sublimest ecstasies from the darkest depths of spiritual despondency. We see proof of it in our political experiences, in our internal developments, in our creative work, in our daily troubles, in our social intercourse, in all our personal affairs.... Maybe this is only an inherent characteristic; yet when we come to compare ourselves with other happier and more satisfied races, it strikes us rather as being a pathological condition; if this be so, it is one we might specify, perhaps, as inborn national arhythmia. This lack of rhythm would serve to explain the instability, the lack of perseverance with which we are generally accredited; we might therefore find the source of our, alas, undeniable incapacity for disciplined collective action; therein, doubtless lies some of the tragedy of our ill-fated annals."

"Rhythm is a test of external reality," wrote the poet Robinson Jeffers. And he continued: "Recurrence, regular enough to be rhythmic, is the inevitable quality of life, and of

life's environment." With the advent of Solidarity in our time it appears that Poland has been able to borrow some of the qualities of her great musicians--Chopin and Paderewski.

The pianist celebrated his birthday on July thirty-first, feast day of Saint Ignatius Loyola. We hired a car and driver and after buying a gift of flowers, left the Hotel Bellevue at seven in the evening. It was raining--a heavy mist obscured the lake and distant mountains. At the farm Chinese lanterns illuminated roadside hedges and trees guiding us toward the open front doorway of the villa where we could see the still erect, fiery figure and magnificent leonine head of our host silhouetted against a blaze of lights inside the house. After a welcome which included Paderewski's warm embrace for Vernon, we went inside where we were assailed by the perfumes of masses of flowers banked against the main staircase. A huge Chinese rug hung from the second floor balustrade--its mighty dragon stark white against a crimson background.

Gathered in two reception rooms, the guests were watching groups of young people dancing various Polish measures. In her book, Paderewski, my mother remembers:

"He joined one line after another as they serpented through the house, and finally, with Madame Paderewska, he led the way to the dining room where a traditional Polish feast was spread--elaborately decorated hams, fowl and fish, aspics and salads, fruits, ices, many little cakes and sweet champagne. Next the company whirled out to the garden for fireworks, for jokes, more dances, recitation of poems and singing.

"Along the Riond Bosson lake shore lay the properties of writer and musician friends, among them that of the polish pianist Josef Hofmann. The members of the Flonzaley Quartet lived across the lake and often dropped in. This neighborhood group had the main

responsibility for arranging the famous name--day frolic, each time a new entertainment, yet all alike in one thing: whatever the program, it must be a complete surprise to Paderewski...

On this occasion, when a modern symphony of excruciating noises was performed in the pianist's (Paderewski's) honor, he was obliged to sit in the front row and not clap hands over ears, while the Flonzaley Quartet and other noted musicians played--on cheese-graters, egg-beaters, type-writers, (one man had a bath hose coiled around his neck for a horn), and many other contraptions--the ear-splitting movements of this offering. The director, scarcely noticed, stood behind a barrel into which at the end he crashed flower pots and crockery, and as a grand finale, plunged himself head first! He was extracted, and with a magnificent flourish and flowery speech he presented the original red-ribboned manuscript of this work of genius to Paderewski, who rose solemnly to accept it..."

At last after most of the guests had departed, Paderewski signed to my parents and to a few other close friends to remain in the long living room where two of the seven pianos in the house stood back to back. Sitting down at one of the Steinway concert Grands--the one on which stood the portrait of Queen Victoria, inscribed after the Windsor visit, he played for us--first a Beethoven Sonata, then, after a pause during which no one spoke, three short pieces by Chopin. A great window near the piano gave fitful glimpses of Mont Blanc across the lake, behind the movement of storm clouds.

It was well after midnight when we left Riond Bosson. The rain came down in sheets; the sky was black except for streaks of silver grey marking openings between the storm clouds. The car's headlamps picked out the pitch dark road. Peering ahead we could see, far down the lakeshore, the faint glimmer of the lights of Geneva.

CHAPTER VII
SWITZERLAND AND THE LEAGUE--II

At the end of August, father advanced the sum of ten Swiss francs (about two American dollars) as evidence of good faith and enrolled me at the Ecole Superieure de Commerce de Neuchatel. Situated on the northern shore of a large lake in the Jura Mountains of northwest Switzerland, the medieval town of Neuchatel was once the site of an ancient Celtic culture, and there are remains of pile dwellings in the lake itself.

Neuchatel has an important university, a lyceum, a business school and an institute for young ladies wishing to concentrate on the arts of homemaking. It also has a dreary climate; sudden squalls transform the lake waters into the most treacherous in Switzerland. I felt cold all winter and longed for the more pleasant atmosphere of Geneva. One day a letter from my grandmother arrived enclosing a new American dollar bill. It made me homesick for California and Carmel.

A two week hiatus between Geneva sessions gave Vernon an opportunity to get up on the meadows and glaciers of the Bernese Overland, and since my studies were not to begin in earnest until the late fall, he decided to take me with him. So, when the Paris-Interlaken Express stopped at Neuchatel, I was waiting to board it. We left the train at Interlaken and changed to a small rack and pinion railway that ran up to the cluster of chalets and hotels that are Lauterbrunnen. Ahead, the Staubbach river fell in an airy torrent from the cliff edge to be lost in a rainbow on

the green meadow 980 feet below. Everywhere cascades and falls launched from precipices reminding us of California's Yosemite Valley. Overhead towered the elegant snowy masses of the Bernese Oberland.

Two days later, after consulting the barometer and receiving encouraging advice from our hotel-keeper, we walked out into a cold Alpine dawn and took seats in a tiny three car electric train which zigzagged up the left wall of the Lauterbrunnen Valley on a narrow gauge, cogged track. After stopping at Wengen on the edge of a green plateau, the track continues until the Jungfrau comes completely into view; seen across a two mile wide chasm, the mountain seemed scarce ten feet away. The most beautiful point of the Jungfrau is the smooth silver sheet of ice called the Silberhorn; below it that morning mountain chamois were quietly feeding on small patches of turf. At the end of the line we got out and stared up at the Guggi Hut perched on a rock buttress directly above us. The Hut, painted bright red, serves as starting point for the highest ascensions.

Father planned to hike up to the very foot of the Eiger Gletcher. Leading the way up a steep lateral moraine he crossed part of the glacier itself; stepping sideways on the ice, we reached a fine steely-blue grotto where we stopped to rest. About two o'clock we heard a thundering crack followed by a tremendous roar and turned just in time to watch hundreds of tons of ice break off from the main Jungfrau glacier and roll a thousand feet until the avalanche halted in a wild jumble of dark boulders.

I owe to my mother her deep poetic insight into Nature, but father opened my eyes to her majestic rationale.

While Vernon and I were mountaineering, my mother was making her way through Eastern Europe researching her projected biography of Queen Jadwiga of Poland. The river boat on which she was descending the Danube hit an obstruction in the middle of the night and threatened to sink. Mother always carried a small Sterno kit in her travel bag consisting of a can of solidified alcohol for fuel, a folding metal stand and pan for boiling water. She managed to carry these up the dark companionway to the slanting deck where she brewed coffee for the captain and crew. After makeshift repairs at dawn, the little craft righted itself and got safely to shore. After this little episode mother rejoined us in Geneva.

Possibly because of the uncertainties of extended travel, my parents now decided to make a gesture toward a more stable future. They made an agreement to purchase an acre of land in the Carmel Highlands, a coastal area south of the town of Carmel. This was the first of several such acquisitions which resulted in our moving from "overcrowded" Carmel to the northern edge of the old Spanish land grants on the Central California coastline between Monterey and Big Sur. Our property was purchased from J.F. Devendorf, associate of Frank Powers, and who had formed the Carmel Villas Company. Although the land had been scientifically surveyed, the lines frequently took off from a convenient pine

tree, proceeding next to some other natural landmark such as a creek-bed. Untold legal difficulties arose as nature shifted her own boundaries with time.

Standards were high at the Ecole Superieure. I had earned a good scholastic record at home, but soon after beginning my studies in Neuchatel I was demoted two grades and asked to analyze the history of the Reformation! Learning Latin in the French language was a formidable undertaking, so father hired a tutor to help me along. One of the advantages at the school was an arrangement enabling its students to attend lectures at the University--primarily for the French, I think.

The school was run by the Mesdemoiselles Julia and Ida, qualified by years at the task. I cannot remember why I preferred Mademoiselle Julia. My roommate, Trudy Brand, was related to the Suchard chocolate-making family. Since she spoke German and we were forbidden English, we soon became proficient in French--while I began to think in that language.

Perhaps because of my early exposure to older fascinating personalities, I had developed a need to be noticed. This took the form of giving gifts and being especially nice to people, a mild aggression that gradually developed through the years and was paradoxically linked with a sexual repression. The emptiness that I felt was successfully filled by my creative work--so much so that I was almost unaware of it until the Indian philosopher Jiddu Krishnamurti pointed it out to me several years later. I remembered that as a child I had taken things from my mother--little things--to give away at school, and had been severely

punished for it by my father. At Neuchatel I fitted in fairly well, making friends with Trudy and a few of the other girls, one of whom invited me to visit her home in the Appenzell just north of my grandmother's native Canton of Glarus.

In winter there was skiing in the Jura. In the summer mother sometimes visited and we took long walks up the hill slopes through quiet forests of larches, firs, spruce and beech. The meadows were full of wildflowers--blue canterbury bells, wild scabiosas, monkey flowers, a pink pea with a lemony scent, a miniature magenta thistle, flowering thyme and countless others. Occasionally from an open meadow we could see the town below; a mass of terracotta and dark red tiled roofs with narrow tortuous streets running toward the wide Place where big yellow sandstone banks faced each other across the square. The Chateau and Collegiale (church) were prominent, both dating from the twelfth century.

The summer sessions at the League drew Vernon back to Geneva where mother and I joined him at the Hotel de la Paix. At one of the meetings of the Commission, father introduced me to Einstein, and we chatted with Marie Curie who had become a close friend of my mother's after the scientist's visit to America in 1921.

All sorts of interesting people gathered in the lobby of our hotel which was filled with talk of international goodwill and a final peace in Europe. The Japanese Ambassador to the League, Dr. Nitobi, was conferring with India's Sir Jagadis Bose. Sir Jagadis had electrified Geneva with his pioneer demonstrations proving that plants have a heart in primitive form. A long

tube-like structure producing a pulsating movement enables the sap to push up from bottom to top and from side to side analogous to a blood sender--blood being the sap. In the human embryo and the higher animals this tube-like structure becomes more specialized--in short, the plant is a rooted animal. Invited along with my parents to one of these demonstrations, I witnessed on a graph the effect on the plant heart of stimulants and depressants expressed in the rise and fall of the leaves. Bose showed that poison fatal to an animal is fatal to a plant, and that a plant has a nervous system and is highly sensitive. Sir Jagadis used the mimosa plant for nerve tests, and for animals a kind of fish which lives a few hours out of water. I remembered that the Hopi Indians always apologize to any tree that they are about to cut down for a house beam or other purpose.

Our hotel had added a number of flagpoles to its normal complement to honor the famous international guests staying under its roof--among them Mrs. Woodrow Wilson who appeared in the lobby looking very well in a black satin dress trimmed with silver. Near the entrance we encountered an old friend, the international journalist Frank Simonds. Simonds, representing The McClure Newspaper Syndicate, shared with Walter Lippmann of The New York World the reputation for being the most distinguished American political historian of his day. Frank had published a five volume history of the First World War, to be followed in 1927 by a controversial account of peace efforts after the war--titled: How Europe Made Peace Without America. He invited us to breakfast and told us the following delightful

story: summoned to an interview with "The Tiger" (Clemenceau), Simonds brought along one of the statesman's books to be autographed; it was not a fine copy and the journalist hesitated to present it. Finally he got up the courage to ask for an autograph. When he saw the book "The Tiger" flew into a terrible rage and left the room. However, he soon returned with a small deluxe edition of the same work, saying: "This is worthy of you"--Clemenceau signed!

It was arranged that father would have the extra bed in Simond's room, while mother and I would sleep in a large converted bath-dressing room on the same floor of the hotel--this courtesy freed an extra room for a foreign visitor who would have otherwise been turned away. That afternoon Mr. Simonds took me to the Hotel Metropole where we hoped to catch sight of the incoming German delegation, for on the following day Germany was to be admitted to the League of Nations. After getting photographed and "cinemaad" while chatting with the New York Times correspondent, we sat down to rest on a corner couch in the lobby. It was then that Simonds asked me if I should like to accompany him the next morning and observe the historic session from the Press Gallery. All that would be required would be credentials as his secretary and that I should stay close by him and say as little as possible. I joyfully agreed and we went off to the Bergues Hotel to speak to Aristide Briand, the French foreign minister, and to Pertinax, the French journalist--both well known to my guide and mentor.

We stayed at the Bergues until seven; Monsieur Briand came

by again, accompanied by short, stout Paul Boncours who was wearing yellow spats. Tall, white-bearded Admiral Jones, head of the United States Naval Commission, part of our Disarmament Commission, was talking with the Roumanian Minister to Britain, said to be one of the cleverest men in Europe. When Manley Hudson, one of father's friends who was working for the World Court, paused to greet us, he introduced Mr. Monton, interpreter for the four Great Powers on the League Council. The reception room at the Bergues took on the aspect of a theatrical setting for actors in a powerful political drama. That night I barely slept and was up far too early for my nine-thirty rendezvous with Frank Simonds.

Armed with a notebook borrowed from father, I entered the Hall of the Reformation promptly at ten--secretary to Frank Simonds, McClure Syndicate, U.S.A.

We climbed to the pressroom amid clickings of cameras and stepped forward into the Gallery where I sat down between Simonds and Monsieur Pertinax who--with a half suppressed, half surprised smile--said a polite "Bonjour." The large dingy, unembellished hall with its plain wooden galleries was filled to overflowing--the atmosphere tense. In another gallery across the dimly lit assembly mother and father were watching. Below on the main floor were ranged delegations from all League member countries. Immediately beneath the Press Gallery was an empty row of seats reserved for the Germans.

Precisely at eleven o'clock, Luther, Streseman and Gauss entered the League Hall. After examination of credentials and a

welcoming speech by the League's President, Gustav Streseman stepped forward and delivered a dignified, restrained address. A German of the German's, physically of that Prussian type dear to international cartoonists, Streseman had once said that he wanted to be the German who would make peace with France. This was the moment for which the German foreign minister had worked. For the League and for France, Briand replied. Without notes or preparation, the French foreign minister addressed the Germans directly, asserting that centuries of war should give way to new methods and a new spirit in Europe. Not since 1870 had a French statesman thus publically addressed a German. In all the centuries of Franco-German history, the circumstance was without precedent.

Immense applause and shouts of Bravo filled the hall. I glanced around the Press Box--tears streamed down the cheeks of men hardened by years of political disillusion and frustrated hopes. Only Simonds sat dry-eyed--inwardly reviewing the events of the past seven years: the German delegation caged like wild animals within a wooden palisade at Versailles; Europe's successive stages of doubt, panic and hope; the eleventh hour Dawes plan saving the German State from utter ruin. He pictured the extraordinary meetings between the former belligerents on Lake Maggiore under warm Italian skies--meetings that led to the Pacts of Locarno marking the end of the moral isolation of Germany. Finally he remembered the role of England's Ramsay MacDonald in leading Britain and France to Geneva. Simonds retained a healthy scepticism leaving it to others to accept the League of Nations

as "the ultimate guarantee of the safety of the lamb under mandate to the lion." As an American, he was aware that his country's self-sufficient nationalism was hostile to European liberalism. Later, Mussolini and not Ramsay MacDonald became the most popular European figure in the United States.

Nevertheless, the entrance of Germany into the League formally established a new system of law in Europe: control of foreign policy passed from autocratic into democratic hands. The German flag flew over the Hotel Metropole in Geneva. It was therefore with some surprise that I overheard a remark by Aristide Briand as we were being jostled about in the Press Room after the end of the session. Responding to congratulations by a member of the French delegation, the Foreign minister turned and said: "Merci, oui, j'ai du jouer un role."* With the exception of the formal signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact at Paris in 1928, it was the last brilliant part the aging statesman would play on the European stage.* "Thank you, yes, I had to play a part."

One seasoned observer said recently that no one could have foreseen the onslaught of another world war only twenty years after the Treaty of Versailles. Some men did foresee it: When Herbert Hoover called on Premier Clemenceau of France in September of 1919 to say goodbye and express appreciation of the latter's support of Hoover's relief work, he found the premier in a gloomy mood saying "There will be another world war in your time and you will be needed back in Europe!"

After two weeks in Paris, mother, father and I went to Brussels and from there to Antwerp to board the Belgenland. An uneventful nine day passage brought us to New York. In the early morning light the Statue of Liberty looked quite green; watching the foreign passengers scanning the towers of Manhattan I felt proud and happy to be home to things American.

Some months later I received a brown paper package by mail; it was a copy of How Europe Made Peace Without America; the dedication read:

"To Jean Kellogg, to whose invaluable assistance as my Hon. Secretary I owed so much at Geneva."

Frank H. Simonds

CHAPTER VIII

WASHINGTON D.C. I

In those days, Washington D.C. was still occasionally referred to as a "Southern Village." My parents had built their house in the northwest section of town so that Vernon could assume his duties at the newly organized National Research Council. It was Herbert Hoover who, while serving in Europe, had noted that the governments of certain countries, including Germany, maintained support systems for pure research. America, on the other hand, while proud of its scientific community, had none.

Back in the United States, Hoover promptly consulted with men like George Ellery Hale, Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, John C. Merriam, President of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, R.A. Millikan, director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics at the California Institute of Technology and Gano Dunn, president of J.G. White Engineering Corporation of New York. With the backing of these and other scientists, the "Council" was established during the war as a child of the National Academy of Sciences, its purpose: to assist our government by mobilizing research talent in all scientific fields. Vernon was asked to assume the position of Permanent Executive Secretary of the N.R.C. and to undertake responsibility for its growth and development. Father's office on the second floor of the National Academy of Sciences building looked out across a park toward the marble memorial to Abraham

Lincoln who, in 1863, had seen a place for Science at the Nation's capital. But the actual chartering by Congress of the National Academy of Sciences did not take place until the close of World War I. Money for the elegant neo-classic building and its equipment was donated by the Carnegie Corporation of New York. A carved inscription runs across the facade at a level about two-thirds the height of the building. Translated from the Greek of Aristotle's Metaphysica, it reads:

"The search for truth is in one way hard, and in another easy. For it is evident that none can master it fully, nor miss it wholly. But each adds a little to our knowledge of nature and from all the facts assembled there arises a certain grandeur."

Living as he did through a period of intense and bitter controversy between science and theology, raised to fever pitch by Darwin's theory, Vernon was constantly absorbed in trying to find a bridge between the two. He kept a small copy of the Book of Genesis in his office. Writing for The World's Work,⁷ he stated: "The cause of things may be called God; the manner of things, Science. Science has never explained ultimate causes." He went on to say:

"Evolution means to me ONLY PART of an explanation of these things. It is no ultimate explanation of any of these things; that is, of life itself and the final cause of the variety and yet identity of all life, including my own life..."

This would agree with Einstein's remark that "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious."

Two miles distant from the Council, in the city's northwest section, my parents had purchased a tree-covered lot--remnant of Washington's early forest--and engaged Bertram Goodhue, architect

of the Academy building, to design a modest two story brick house. Three shallow arches broke the flatness of the facade; an iron railing led past ivy terraces to the grey panelled door opening into the front hall from which a curving stairway rose to the second floor.

The lot on Bancroft Place had several advantages: it was three blocks from the Holton-Arms School for girls on S Street--the same street where--after being appointed Secretary of Commerce by President Harding--Hoover had settled his family in a comfortable house with a large veranda overlooking an acre of garden. Two doors below on the gently sloping road was the Woodrow Wilson home. Several Justices of the Supreme Court lived close by. Justice Brandeis, America's most influential advocate of Zionism, was busy promoting inexpensive paperback books for the American rural South. Justice Cardozo became our friend, as did, later, Justice Felix Frankfurter, Franklin Roosevelt's brilliant appointee. Hoover's close friend and advisor, Justice Harlan Stone, lived two blocks from us. After being appointed Chief Justice he said to my mother of the overpowering new Supreme Court building: "I feel like a cockroach in the Temple of Karnak!"

From the bottom of the S Street hill where it joins Massachusetts Avenue one could pick out several foreign embassies housed in imposing buildings. Some of our European friends had been sent to Washington: the Jules Jusserands represented

France, Baron Robert Silvercruys--Belgium; Switzerland dispatched the Marc Peters. Missing was Spain's Marquis de Villalobar, about whom Hoover wrote in his Memoirs:

"When it was necessary to use our Minister Chairman in Belgium, we found that we could make more headway with the Germans through the Spanish Minister, the Marquis Villalobar, than anyone else in Brussels. He was a man of unlimited courage, willing at all times to act, and he acted effectively. He had been born misshapen, with stump legs and arms and without ears and hair. His family, one of the most important in Spain, had kept him hidden away with a most unusual tutor. This tutor gave a unique education to an extraordinarily brilliant, cripple boy. In time, Villalobar was able to secure artificial parts for his deficiencies. He obtained a junior position in the Spanish Foreign Office and rose by sheer ability to the rank of Ambassador. He was most formal, always immaculately dressed, indicating little of his disabilities. He did not like Americans much. But he was devoted to the Relief and after the United States joined the war became our major support in Belgium."

In 1915, when father called on the Minister of neutral Spain in Belgium, Vernon had already heard the story of this mysterious Iberian child; in his capacity of humane scientist, he asked the Ambassador if he could tell him what might have become of the young Spaniard. "Monsieur," the Minister replied, looking father in the eye, "C'est moi!"⁸ Hoover confessed in his Memoirs that the thought of this man had haunted him for many years, saying that the Spaniard had more courage to fight for humanitarian causes than our own sensitive Ambassador in Brussels. It was Villalobar who so vigorously protested to the Germans before the execution of Edith Cavell.

Over on S Street "old Butler" had raised a row of mammoth sunflowers in the Hoover garden. One of several black servants attached to that paternalistic household, he kept an eye on me whenever my parents had to be away from the city.

After the Civil War, a flood of Negro refugees swept into Washington and real estate agents found that they could make large profits turning L'Enfant's gardens into back yard projects for Negro shacks and barracks. Names like Foggy Bottom, Louse Alley and Shad Row originated in that era. By the nineteen forties Agnes Ernst Meyer, wife of Washington Post owner, Eugene Meyer, could write: "Not even in the Southern cities, have I seen human beings subjected to such unalleviated wretchedness as in the alleys of our own city of Washington." Preoccupied with the plight of post-war Europe, the Hoovers and my parents seemed unaware of the frightful slum conditions developing south of the Capitol.

An endless stream of guests flowed through the Hoover house; I remember meeting Lindbergh there, still leather jacketed, he was calling on the Secretary of Commerce after his Atlantic flight. Mother had known Lou Henry Hoover from Stanford days and felt that--for an outdoor woman--she was unusual in that she thought people the most interesting part of her world. And so, while attending school in the usual way, I was really enmeshed in an adult world. It was there that "the action was"!

William Allen White came yearly to Washington, sometimes staying with us at Bancroft Place where the doors at night were open on the garden, with the fireflies among the trees, like a thousand stars.

CHAPTER IX

NEW HAVEN

While we lived in Washington there was a marked cleavage between the Capital's political and cultural spheres. The Metropolitan Opera stopped at Baltimore, believing the Washington audience to be largely interested in prestige and social position; museums were formal and mostly limited to Government collections; scientists kept to themselves. Nevertheless, I could study George Catlin's drawings and paintings of the American Indian at the Smithsonian, Albert Ryder's mystical paintings at the same place, Chinese Chou Dynasty bronzes at the Freer Gallery of Oriental Art (also part of the Smithsonian), and the Shakespeare Folios at the Folger Library just east of the Library of Congress.

Most politicians were unaware that, a short distance from our house, the Duncan Phillips were slowly transforming their home on Twenty-First Street into an avant-garde gallery of modern art, accessible to the public. Across Rock Creek in Georgetown, career diplomat, Robert Woods Bliss, was helping his wife, Mildred, lay out sixteen acres of gardens at Dumbarton Oaks. The great landscape gardener and planner, Beatrix Jones, spent twenty years on the project.⁹ At the Congressional Library, music was already established, with poetry readings soon to come.

I graduated from Holton-Arms in 1928, the year Herbert Hoover won the Republican nomination for President. My parents had expected me to move on to Bryn Mawr College although I had

mentioned to father that I wanted to study painting. It is surprising that my professor father was sympathetic to my wish. We made a bargain that if I could pass the College Board Exams, he would send me to the Yale Art School in New Haven, Connecticut.

Yale's president, Dr. James Rowland Angell, a former chairman of the Research Council, was a close friend of father's. Madame Marie Curie had represented the University of Paris at his inauguration. One of two or three coeducational units at the University, the School of Art had a legendary reputation. These facts combined to persuade my father that it would be better to send me to a great all-male university than to some "esoteric school of landscape painting." At least, he thought, "I would encounter aspects of university life." A hazardous decision.

My parents had never spoken directly to me about the sexual problems of female adolescence except, of course, regarding the obvious physical advent of puberty. They were quite unaware that at Yale I would soon learn to smoke, meet my first homosexual and indulge in petting when boys called on me after hours at the Professor's home where I was a privileged boarder. So, I was relieved not long ago to find a letter written in 1929 to my mother in which William Vance of the Yale School of Law speaks of myself as "a beloved visitor rather than a paying guest," and goes on to say that the Dean of the Art School, as well as my instructors, were watching my development with the keenest interest!"

Other girls came to this privileged enclave within the industrial city of New Haven to attend Yale-Harvard football

games, romantic Proms and weekends of cheek to cheek dancing at the Taft Hotel. While Yale's academic potential exceeded even father's expectations, I doubt if he realized the actual social standing of young women in an art school associated with a man's university. Artists have always been thought of as having a bohemian nature and, although the hard-working ambitious girls at the school did not live up to the myth, there was room to play the role. Ted Lewis brought his band and the Saint Louis Blues to New Haven. For dances in downtown hotels I spent my allowance on black evening dresses and other startling apparel. I attended football games and the country weekends that followed; my life became one violent reaction to the solitary intellectualism of my early years with its preponderance of older friends.

But I was getting on, winning a few medals here and there. It was exciting to walk into the conference room and find Jose Clemente Orozco sitting on the corner of a drafting table gazing at us through thick horn-rimmed glasses. Professor Deane Keller taught the Life Painting class. A Prix de Rome scholar, he was a close friend of Professor Thomas Forbes, head of Anatomy at the Yale Medical School. Underlining father's belief in the cross-fertilized life of a university, Keller asked me to accompany himself and a sculpture student to perform dissections on cadavers procured for training of would-be surgeons. He believed that when, for instance, one drew the arm, it was an advantage to know that "the radius crosses the ulna in pronation."¹⁰

A friendship developed between Dean Keller and my mother and myself which was expressed in his many letters animated with

drawings--letters that followed me back to California inspiring me to make the most of my opportunity when the dancer, Henry Kersh, became my model.

The Frederick Walcotts had a farm at Norfolk, north of New Haven. Their sons, Alex and Bill, went to Yale. Senator Walcott had been Connecticut's Commissioner of Welfare before going down to Washington where he took an active interest in our family--providing Vernon with a car and chauffeur to take him daily to the Council after mother's Electric faltered in Capital traffic. Norfolk was surrounded with woods and lakes, welcome relief from the atmosphere of New Haven. Invited by the boys for weekends, I looked forward to breakfasts of wild blueberries and thick cream from Walcott cows; and to musical evenings when neighbors gathered to accompany the Senator who played both cello and violin.

Before quitting Yale I went out once or twice to Carmel and found that our old neighbor, Dr. D.T. MacDougal, had persuaded Paul Dougherty, an eminent marine painter, to purchase a site on the hillside just above our Highlands cabin. This event was to alter the whole course of my artistic life.

Oddly, my last memory of the university was a lecture given by Mary Austin at the School of Drama. Her face, as Will White said aptly "had grown plain, strong and commanding." I went up to the platform and introduced myself; I cannot remember Mary's lecture but noted her hold over the audience of young men who seemed to catch some of the significance of this astonishing "liberated" woman.

CHAPTER X
WASHINGTON D.C. II

It was during my first winter at Yale that a slight deterioration in father's handwriting warned of the insidious onset of Parkinson's disease. Long hours at the Council and persistent efforts to extract more Foundation dollars for its scholarships were draining Vernon's reserves of strength. About the time that Herbert Hoover was inaugurated as President, Vernon's health began to seriously decline; seven years younger, Hoover would outlive father by almost three decades.

Sensing Vernon's need for support and reassurance, the President arranged for father to be driven out on summer weekends to a camp on the Rapidan River in Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains. Here at this precursor of Camp David the Hoovers had built (and paid for) a number of log cabins furnishing accommodations for from twelve to fifteen guests; exactly one hundred miles from the White House, the camp was connected by direct telephone with the executive offices.

Frank B. Kellogg had been Coolidge's Secretary of State. A first cousin of Vernon's, our two families were occasionally confused on social occasions when dinner guests arrived at the wrong address! Hoover considered Frank Kellogg a superior public servant and asked him to remain in the Cabinet through June of '29 when Henry L. Stimson was to become Secretary of State. The so-called Kellogg--Briand Pact, signed at Paris in August of 1928, had fashioned a promising moral instrument for peace.

Hoover knew, however, that acceptance of the Pact had been obtained upon the argument that it contained no commitments to action, so he discussed with Frank Kellogg the addition of a third Article to the two existing ones wherein the High Contracting Parties condemned recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and would have provided that diplomatic recognition be withheld from areas gained by national aggression. To this suggestion Kellogg replied that any Article III would be too much of a parallel to the pacific steps already authorized by the League of Nations and would be resented by its members.

"Maxim Litvinoff, on behalf of the Soviet government at Moscow, which had been pointedly overlooked in Secretary Kellogg's first invitation, served a note of dissent on the League of Nations.... Nevertheless, Litvinoff let himself be prevailed upon after personal meetings with Streseman and Briand, the foreign ministers of Germany and France, to declare Russia's readiness to adhere to what he called 'an empty pact'."11

Before the era of the ubiquitous cocktail party Washington had its tea-tables; mother covering hers with Belgian lace and setting it near the wide fireplace where in winter, flames of a wood fire reflected onto a black marble hearth. All sorts of people dropped in, some invited, some uninvited: poets, politicians, diplomats, scientists, novelists and newspaper men and women seeking a moment of refreshment before going on to the capital's late dinner parties.

One afternoon, the French poet, St. John Perse, came for the first time. This mysterious and fascinating individual, then about fifty-three, had been born in the French West Indies. He became Secretary-General of Foreign Affairs for France and under

his real name, Alexis St. Leger, had carried out secret diplomatic missions for his country. Lately, he had chosen to live as a voluntary exile in America.

When he visited our home, Perse's poetry was becoming available to Americans: Exile, Eloges, Neiges and Anabase had been translated into English and Perse was ranked among major twentieth century poets.

So, when he asked me to accompany him to the Washington Zoo I was tremendously excited. Drawing me to the cages of wild birds of prey he explained the mechanism of their eyes which altered the curvature of the lens from far-sighted to myopic as the bird swooped earthward in its hunting dive.

We sat down on a park bench to rest and I listened while Perse described the secret mission that had taken him deep into the Gobi Desert; after days of crossing empty sands he had come upon a pavillion with a rich silken covering beneath which a feast of fruit and other foods was spread--no one was present--he still brooded upon the apparition.

One of mother's closest friends, Agnes Ernst Meyer had little time for afternoon teas. A woman of great energy and intellect, Agnes moved through a wide world that is now the aspiration of millions of American woman, exerting considerable influence on education, welfare and the elimination of sexism. She married Eugene Meyer, a wise and tolerant man whom Hoover appointed Governor of the Federal Reserve Board. In 1933 Meyer acquired the ailing Washington Post and transformed it into one of the country's greatest independent newspapers.

As a young woman living in New York, Agnes' natural sensitivity to art was nurtured by Alfred Steiglitz through whom she met the most important American artists of the early twentieth century--notably John Marin whose watercolors she collected. Agnes' startling beauty, creative enthusiasm and spirited--even audacious-manner--earned her the friendship of the European sculptors, Rodin, Brancusi and Despiau. A profound student of Chinese art and philosophy, she travelled to China with Whistler's friend Charles Lang Freer, and helped to collect the contents of the Freer Gallery of Oriental Art administered in Washington by the Smithsonian Institution.

Eugene Meyer confided to my mother that he wanted to do something to show that he, too, could help shape the contemporary cultural scene. Knowing that Charlotte was in the habit of receiving poets at her teas, the afternoon that Audrey Wurdemann and Joseph Auslander were to visit Bancroft Place found Eugene already comfortably settled by the fire. He quickly launched his plan to underwrite a series of poetry readings at the Congressional Library. The idea took shape and it was decided to begin with a reading and talk by Carmel's Robinson Jeffers. With the support of Archibald McLeish, then Librarian of Congress, the Jeffers reading was arranged for the fall of 1940.

The California poet, Sara Bard Field, wrote me from Los Gatos:

"Poor Robin dreads it so. It is a terrible ordeal for him.... I fear he will not be a great success. He does not read well. He cannot enunciate clearly. Shyness covers up his words. I wish they would merely have him appear and let Una (Mrs. Jeffers) do the reading."

In spite of these difficulties Jeffer's solemn and affecting presence set an unforgettable example for future readers. Eugene Meyer had played his role--interest in America in spoken poetry had been renewed!

Some miles north of the Library, in the city's old Georgetown section, another important event took place that year--The Hon. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss conveyed their Dumbarton Oaks property to Harvard University as a study center for Byzantine and Early Christian Art--a field largely neglected by Western students--although up to the time of the capture of Constantinople in 1453, Byzantium had preserved the learning of the West through the secular system of the Roman Empire. Robert Bliss wanted Washington to be more than a political center in the life of the nation; he knew that a world capital must be sustained in part by intellectual and cultural currents. So, he and his wife Mildred had restored the old Rock of Dumbarton property granted by England's Queen Anne to colonel Ninian Beall in 1702, and created a country house within a city, renaming their estate Dumbarton Oaks. Here Stravinsky conducted the Dumbarton Oaks Concerto which he had composed in honor of the Bliss's thirtieth wedding anniversary; and here in the music room between August and October of 1944, the Dumbarton Oaks Conversations were held leading to a charter for the United Nations. By then the Bliss's were living in a small house nearby and had given thirty odd acres of the estate's wild grounds to the National Park Service for a public park. On a low slope of the garden near a brook the Bliss's built a little pavilion dedicated to my father which

housed seasonal exhibits of the birds and plants of the region.

After Robert Bliss died in 1962, his wife added several exhibition rooms to house her husband's unique Pre-Columbian collection. Mildred Barnes Bliss added to scholarship fastidious taste and great personal charm. Her delicate red-haired beauty masked a steely determination in all matters relating to the perfect maintenance of Dumbarton Oaks. She designed a series of circular pavilions where the Pre-Columbian objects are arranged on carved lucite stands set on parquet floors and surrounded by glass walls opening on a jungle of azalea and rhododendrons--a dramatic and successful instance of the creative imagination of Mildred Bliss.

Throughout my years at Holton Arms I had followed Washington politics, attending Senate debates and faithfully reading the Congressional Record. I was attracted to a group of youthful Republican Senators--the Young Turks, who soon became a thorn in Hoover's side. Bob La Follette, son of Will White's old friend, Governor Robert Marion La Follette of Wisconsin, explained to me that the aim of the progressive mind was to deal progressively with each new issue confronting the nation and to find new solutions to the growing complexity of modern social and economic demands. He considered the Middle West an experiment station, and believed the Constitution was amply flexible to accommodate needed legislation.

Bob was working hard on banking reform with Bronson Cutting; scion of a wealthy New York family, Bronson had gone out to New Mexico for his health and was then representing that state in the

United States Senate. Olivia Murray Cutting, Bronson's mother, was a widow who had lost her only other son in an accident on the Nile some years earlier. She rented a house in Washington where she lived when the Senate was in session. In 1935, while flying from New Mexico to an appointment with President Franklin Roosevelt, Bronson's plane crashed and the young Senator was instantly killed. Bob La Follette could not bring himself to carry the tragic news; instead, he asked my mother--Olivia's dearest Washington friend--to go to the Massachusetts Avenue house. The interview confirmed a friendship that was to profoundly affect my own life.

Among closest Washington friends count Canada's Massey family--Vincent, Alice and their two sons, Lionel and Hart. The Honorable Vincent Massey had served as Canada's Lord High Commissioner to London, and was his country's first minister to the United States. Later, he became the first native born Governor General of Canada. The Massey family were Canada's chief patrons of the arts; Vincent's brother, Raymond, being one of the finest actors of his day.

CHAPTER XI

CARMEL II

"You can paint with anything that will stick."

Paul Dougherty

The summer of 1930 I went out to Carmel with my parents for a brief vacation. Paul Dougherty was just then making arrangements to build his studio on an acre and a half purchased from our neighbor, the botanist, Dr. D.T. MacDougall. The two men had met in Tucson, Arizona, after the celebrated marine painter had decided to leave New York because of his worsening arthritis. Dr. Mac brought the artist to meet us at the shingled studio my aunt had had built for me near the edge of the pine forest.

I was twenty, the painter fifty three; handsome and urbane, he had an air of authority and was gifted with a dry wit. During my two years at Yale I had learned of Dougherty's reputation, but had seen few of his important paintings. Now, talking with him, I became impatient to exchange formal art school training for work in direct contact with someone whom I could consult about my future goals. No one spoke, that day, of the possibility that Dougherty might use my studio while I was still at Yale and his was building, but after he had returned to Santa Barbara to marry his fourth wife, the actress Paula Gates--we offered through MacDougall to put my studio at his disposal. He wrote an acceptance. With characteristic indulgence, my parents allowed me to leave Yale the following year, and Dougherty then proposed to take me on as pupil and apprentice--I say "apprentice because

the painter spent a lot of time in technical preparation for his work. I was about to learn my trade from the ground up!

Paul was the oldest of six children of J. Hampden Dougherty, a leader of the New York Bar. The second child was Walter Hampden, the actor. After graduating from New York Law School and passing his Bar exams in '98, Paul gave up law for painting. He sketched and painted around the city and in the Adirondaks, but marines brought him his first real success. His great-grandfather was a privateer who delivered our Declaration of War in 1812 and was captured by a British cruiser on the way home. Dougherty's life-long friend, the painter Mahonri Young, maintained that "There was always a touch of the buccaneer about Paul." In any case, his genius first showed in his marines of the New England coast and the Maine island of Monhegan. All his pictures sold, and he was favorably compared to Winslow Homer during the latter's lifetime.

In Europe, Dougherty studied art by himself. Exhibiting at the Salon, he was lionized in Paris and London. Tall and strongly built, he had a fine oval head and a mariner's gaze above a broken nose that twisted decidedly left. In New York, Maine, Cornwall or Brittany, his striking figure attracted attention. Acclaimed by critics and befriended by the rich, in 1913, when he was thirty six, he won the Inness Gold Medal, the Carnegie prize and the First Altman Prize at the National Academy of Design.

Situated on a steep slope just above the coastal forest, the Dougherty land hung between mountains and sea. There, Paul and Paula built a split-level structure of wood and plaster--four

levels in all: basement and garage opened onto the drive, while a broad seaward-facing terrace and the large high ceilinged studio were located at the second level; the master bedroom occupied a third level, and a gabled room at the top was reserved for guests. During construction of the house the Doughertys stayed at nearby Peter Pan Lodge in the Highlands. There they met other distinguished travellers and made a foursome at bridge with a former associate of Sigmund Freud, Dr. Rudolf Von Urban, and his wife "Buffie." After the Doughertys were "at home," Paul's mother, brothers, and his daughter Lisa were yearly visitors.

Paul soon developed a real friendship with William Ritschel who had also come out from New York and built a rock studio near Point Lobos. A Bavarian from Nuremberg, Ritschel had spent his youth at sea, then studied at the Royal Academy of Munich. Technically he was an impressionist yet he painted the sea with Wagnerian power and the dramatic intensity seen in canvasses like The Flying Dutchman. Like Dougherty, Ritschel was a National Academician. The former's romanticism stemmed from the American naturalist tradition--from the work of men like Allston, Bingham, Homer and Inness, who painted the rare and exceptional phases of nature--especially the dramatic. The Romantic Movement which had climaxed in Europe before 1850, about the time of Chopin and Delacroix, survived as a state of mind in certain individuals rather than as a cohesive tendency in art. In Dougherty's work, the romantic was tempered by a classical vision derived from his study of French art. Form was never completely subordinated to

theme. The American Romantic belongs to no school--he rises like an apparition from the American landscape.

For a marine painter it was a perfect afternoon; heavy seas spawned in the gulf of Alaska had travelled south along the Pacific coast as far as Central California. On a warm windless October day huge waves suddenly appeared near Carmel and struck the offshore reefs beyond Point Lobos. Shortly after noon my telephone rang; I recognized Paul Dougherty's voice: "Can you get out to Lobos with me this afternoon?" "Yes," I said. "In half an hour?" "Good. You drive. Bring your oils and pen and watercolors." I opened the west window of my studio and listened to the heavy booming of the surf. In two hours there would be a six foot tide--high for this region. With my sketch box in the back of my open Ford, I shifted into low to climb the steep dirt road to the Dougherty house and walked up to the terrace on the studio level where I was met by a large Collie. Ernest, the Japanese house-man who was also a Sunday painter, heard the dog's welcoming bark and opened the front door. "Good afternoon come right in," the words ran together accompanied by a slight bow at the waist. "Hello, Jean, Paul will be ready in a minute." Paula's voice floated down from the upper level. I went through the sliding doors into the studio and looked toward a side door leading to a laboratory-pantry where the painter assembled his materials and prepared colors and painting grounds.

I spent a half hour waiting for my mentor and used the time to study an unfinished canvas on one of the room's three large easels. The neutral tones of the underpainting showed clearly

through the surface color textures. Dougherty and MacDougall were working on some "scientific" experiments to produce a series of emulsions composed of sun-thickened linseed oil, artificially heated oils, varnishes, egg, casein and water; the purpose of these was to be able to construct a picture texturally and to move at will from a higher water content to a higher oil content, or through the more hazardous reverse procedure, without endangering the cohesion of the paint layers. A superb technician, Dougherty was quite carried away by these researches, sometimes allowing his enthusiasm to overpower purely artistic considerations.

At last the side door opened and the painter came forward carrying a small French sketch box, a case for extra panels and a folding stool. Clipped to his jacket pocket was a Waterman pen that held India ink; in other pockets I knew he had a 5" x 7" block of English watercolor paper, a miniature folding palette, two collapsible sable brushes and a small Japanese metal water-bottle. He apologized for keeping me waiting and then--noticing the checkered duster I was wearing over my shirt and jeans--he remarked, "Kind of a coat a gentleman would wear to a dog-fight." Surprised by this pointed reference to my appearance, in truth I had liked the sporty effect the coat gave my otherwise unremarkable costume.

We headed north on the coast road and soon entered Point Lobos Reserve, first passing Whaler's Cove, site of Portuguese whaling headquarters in 1861, then driving through a forest of dying pines festooned with ancient mosses dimly lit by the after-

noon sun. The hushed Druidic aspect of this place intensified the shock of our emergence onto the loud and glittering shore. On our right we could see the North Dome of the Point, covered with Monterey cypress. "Those amazing trees, stark, bone-white, aged ones, storm swept and twisted into the most amazing forms," the photographer Edward Weston wrote in his Daybook after he first saw them. Southward, the coast was indented by a series of bays and headlands, each with its own characteristic surf pattern.

Parking in front of a row of ochre-toned granite boulders, cooled during the Mesozoic Era before Ice Age beasts roamed the Monterey coast, we followed a sandy trail toward Seal Rock Channel. Running north to south between Lobos promontory and some huge offshore rocks, the channel diverts part of the force of incoming waves into its boiling raceway creating spectacular spray bursts. Three park visitors in red, yellow and white coats passed to the left of us and were silhouetted in Winslow Homer fashion against the outer waters. Paul knew the Reserve in all its seasons; tints of flowers, opaque grass greens, tideline red violets, served him as foils for the cold transparent emerald of sea-waves "whose ancient salt is in our blood and tears."

Arrived at a gently sloping ledge just out of reach of heavy spray and protected from the incoming tide by a forward ledge that he planned to use as base for his composition, Dougherty arranged his gear on the sandstone. His marines owe something of their freedom and exuberance to the mood induced by the scene itself. One thinks of Cezanne, his faithfulness to his sensa-

tions "Sur le Motif,"¹² sensations the painter instantly transformed into architectonic structures of space and color.

Sir Alfred Munnings, British painter of horses, tells in his autobiography of an encounter with Dougherty on the Cornish coast:

On a late afternoon Leonard Jennings and I were riding along near the edge of the tall cliffs west of Zennor, Cornwall, when we saw a rare thing for those days--a waiting motor car. Coming up the track from below, out of the 'roar of the sea' as one might say, was an artist with a chauffeur behind him helping him carry his things. I ventured to have a word with him, and discovered that he was the famous American marine painter Paul Dougherty.... Dougherty was a strongly built fellow, and watching him come up the cliff one felt that he loved the sea and had the genius and physical strength to contend with the situation hundreds of feet below on the wet rock where he had planted his easel.

The time had come to work. Selecting certain aspects of the drama before him, Dougherty made a few india ink marks on the small watercolor pad he took from his pocket. Then he turned to me and said, "You know, the tide is a wave of immense base caused by the gravitational attraction of the moon and sun upon the earth. It has great velocity, travelling once around the earth every twenty-four hours.

"How can I make any sense out of all these waves and currents in front of us?" I asked.

"Decide on some 'motif' that interests you. Here--give me your pad of paper. Let's follow the course of that large wave advancing from the open sea." He indicated it with the pen and labelled it A. "When A happens out there, B is happening closer

in, and C and D happen right here in this little inlet." With his pen he analyzed the recurring rhythms. Everything fell into place.

The ink barely dry on the mist drenched paper, he brought the skeleton to life with a few delicate watercolor tones, stating the relationship between sky and sea, then added almost abstract accents of local color to suggest the foreground rocks. Dougherty was convinced that drawing was--or should be-- constantly situated in the mind. His uncle had been a friend of the English impressionist William Turner, and Paul was fond of describing the method Turner used in making his later watercolors:

There were four drawing-boards, each with a handle screwed to the back. A subject was lightly sketched in on number one. Then Turner grasped the handle and plunged the drawing into a pail of water, after which he quickly washed in the principal hues flowing tint into tint; leaving that one to dry he repeated the operation with the other three. By that time the first would be ready for the final touches. Certain sketches dispensed with lines altogether.

"Drawing is a conception or abstraction residing in the artist's mind," Paul told me. "Many watercolorists can lay a perfect wash, but because the colored area of the paper has no structural significance, it adds nothing to the pictorial conception. Cezanne is an artist who always used color structurally.

It was now mid-afternoon and there was no time to waste. Dougherty's arthritis made it difficult for him to unscrew the caps of his paint tubes, so it was my job to do this for him. I set out tubes of color and bottles of paint media on the surrounding sandstone. Today he would dispense with the emulsions--although he frequently carried these outdoors--and would work entirely in oil.

Most of Paul's sketching surfaces were handmade. I watched as he placed one of these prepared panels in the open lid of his sketch box; the panel's white surface consisted of several coats of titanium and glue to which a few drops of oil had been added to reduce the absorbancy. "Oil paint sits better on a not too oily ground," he said.

While concentrating on the approach of a distant wave, Dougherty coated his panel with a thin wash of gold ochre dissolved in oil of turpentine and homemade mastic varnish. The varnish would further serve to isolate the base and--when "tacky"--would receive the first broad strokes of thin oil color, firmly binding them to the half-chalk ground. The pigments in the first color layer were carefully chosen so that they did not conflict with the alkalinity of the casein glue used in the ground; for instance, cobalt blue replaced ultramarine which is made on a sulphur base and reacts to alkalis.

A layer of oilier color refined the design; a fluid brush-stroke running with the sea's motion accented surface lights and ensured that the sensuous quality of the paint itself worked for the artist. Increasing the oily content of the paint, Dougherty

embedded brilliant tones in the layers beneath in order to procure a kind of ceramic color.

I was having trouble now with my own sketch, so I knelt behind my friend and watched him dramatize the space between the outer limits of the foreground ledge and the surf just beyond. The ledge, occasionally submerged by the wave's attack, had a rich vermilion edge of marine growth which contrasted with the cool shimmering tones ahead. The painter's brush, dyed in purest cadmium red, leaped along the "abstract line," leaving a trail of scarlet sparks hovering sometimes a half inch above the true edge of the reef. The space vibration created by this dance of the brush anticipated abstract impressionism and the later action painters.

Having finished his sketch, Dougherty carefully wiped his brushes with a rag dipped in turpentine. He was orderly in his methods and when he visited my studio to criticize my work, demanded that he be able to stir his cup of tea with my brushes! Now he asked me to bring my panel where he could see it. A warm glint flickered in the sea-blue eyes as--taking the brush from my hand--he rescued form from indecision and transformed imitative toned into color relationships. I leaned forward--our energies concentrated on a single goal, matching the energies surrounding us. I felt an excitement, a vibrant self-realization, a kinship and union of aim at once physical and psychical.

"When individuals meet, something happens," Dougherty once told me. "When masses of people meet, nothing happens." He had no democratic theory of art or life. His point of view agreed

with that of the photographer Edward Weston. Both men abhorred the leveling effect of an undescriminating democracy and, equally, of a regulating collectivism.

The following year when it became necessary for me to return to Washington, D.C., because of my parents' serious illnesses. Dougherty wrote, expressing his feelings about our relationship:

"Paula and I will never be able to tell you how we felt when you left--and with what affection and solicitude we follow you in our daily thoughts...

You will never be able to realize how much a self realization it has been to me to feel I have given you help to realize yourself.

If you cannot find time to paint do not be discouraged--but draw as much as you can, beaucoup des lignes!"

The day, which had been warm, suddenly turned chill. A flight of black cormorants arrowed its way along troughs between waves toward Bird Island near the southern boundary of the Reserve. They were followed by a V formation of slower brown pelicans headed for the same roosting spot which they shared with the cormorants and gulls. The tide's ebb left quiet pools to catch the colors of the paling sky; a few sun-spangles still tossed on wave crests. Layers of mist distorted the disk of the setting sun into fanciful lantern shapes.

Dougherty would have another productive decade in Carmel, and in 1940 received the Palmer Memorial Prize at the National Academy of Design. The following year he and Paula left the damp climate of Carmel to winter in Palm Springs where, after a five year struggle with his health, he died at the age of seventy.

I helped pack up and carry what I could of the painting equipment, and we walked slowly back to the car. An early moon-

rise glazed the landscape with a mild illumination which mixed with the sun's afterglow to create unfamiliar tones that faded swiftly into dusk.

Sonny heard the grind of the car climbing the hill and announced our return with a vigorous bark. Paula set out glasses of sherry in the studio while Paul placed his sketch upon an easel. The afternoon's drama lived indoors firmly yoked to something else--a "thing" with its own life and reason for being--a "picture" which, like the subtle mind that made it, stood poised between nature and abstract thought.

I had left my gear in the Ford; declining the Dougherty's invitation to dinner, I descended through the darkening forest. My chalk-rock patio glowed faintly when a moon shaft slipped between pine branches. A Great Horned Owl on his way to hunt in a nearby meadow passed silently overhead. The ebb had temporarily quieted the sea's voice; I felt a sense of peace, the detachment of repose.

Later that night coyotes circled the Dougherty hill. Green moonlight swept over the Coast Range, flooded the slopes and lit running rhythms on the sea. Dougherty said that there were three kinds of moonlight: blue, green and fire-white.

Through the open west window I could hear noise of fresh tumult. Down in Seal Rock Channel, obedient to the great principle of rhythmic alternation in nature, the tide was coming in.

CHAPTER XII

HARTFORD

"It is likely enough that lions and scorpions
Guard the end; life never was bonded to be endurable nor
the act of dying
Unpainful..."

Robinson Jeffers

By 1928, subtle changes in my father's handwriting warned of the onslaught of Parkinson's disease. Earlier, he had helped establish the solar research laboratory in Tucson, Arizona, so, in 1931, he decided to return to the desert to gain relief from the muscular palsy associated with his illness.

Initial reports were cheerful; then on November 19th, he wrote my mother in Washington:

"I have been trying for days to write you a letter--am afraid now to send you post cards about important things--especially the resignation. Every time I think of that, my legs fold up under me--my breath goes and heart stops. I think of all it means to us--no salary, no office, no position, no secretaries, no anything--

And yet it just has to be--has to be."

On November 28th, the Executive Board of the National Research Council, the President of the National Academy of Sciences presiding, accepted Vernon's resignation and he returned to Washington to put his affairs in order.¹³ His condition steadily worsened and my happy time in Carmel came to an abrupt end. I received a telegram from the White House stating that both my parents were gravely ill. It read: "Uncle Bert thinks if you knew the situation you would come," and was signed "Auntie Lou"--The Hoovers using familiar titles adopted over the years.

When my train pulled into Union Station that winter evening,

I went at once to Bancroft Place where I found father standing at the foot of his bed, gripping the bedpost and moaning, "Oh my God, My God." In the adjoining room, attended by a nurse, mother lay motionless, stricken with a coronary occlusion. Almost every day the White House car drew up at our door to deliver gifts of food and flowers; much of my time was spent arranging roses and French bouquets sent by the First Lady, and in answering the myriad anxious calls from friends.

Mother made a slow recovery; Vernon's case was different: it soon became apparent that he could no longer remain at Bancroft Place.

Senator Walcott suggested we visit the Hartford Retreat in Hartford, Connecticut. Mother knew only that the place was called also an asylum; she hesitated--then one day we three went up to Hartford and choosing a bench near a group of elms and maples, sat down to survey a scene strangely reminiscent of a university campus. There was a border of red cannas and salvia along a path leading toward thirty-five grass covered acres with scattered cottages and a croquet ground. A van coming from the kitchen in a central building was beginning the midday distribution of food containers to the cottage kitchenettes. An aide appeared and asked my father if he would like to inspect a cottage near the croquet ground. (During a half dozen years Vernon had had neither energy nor desire to attempt a game of any kind.) Another young man approached my mother saying the physician-in-chief was ready for our interview.

Dr. C.C. Burlingame, a pioneer in mental health research,

was a man in advance of his time; he purposed to convert his institution to an Institute of Living which would combine hospital and school. For patients and staff alike, it was to be a place for education and reeducation under psychiatric guidance based on sound medical practice.

"Conditions at the Institute," he said, "are made as safe as possible by a system of discipline that begins with the aide. We have people who, like Dr. Kellogg, are little more than nervously fatigued, and others who are just as ill as they are in any institution; only we don't act strangely about it. One ill person is not different from another except as we make or keep him so. A typhoid patient is often delirious--do we set him apart as 'different' because of that?"

Returning in the direction from which we had come, we found my father sitting on the porch of one of the cottages nearest the croquet field. He was talking with Morton, the aide, who, upon our approach, rose, and pushing open a pair of French doors invited us inside the living-room to which comfortable furniture, books and papers, a writing desk and radio gave a homelike attractiveness. Continuing down a corridor past a room bright with chintz and flowers, we could see the white kitchenette where two girls in fresh caps and aprons were busy between the electric stove and cupboard. "They're glad to have you stay for lunch," Morton said, "that's more that it seems because it has to be arranged with the central kitchen. I'd think it difficult, but they don't !" He smiled. "Only we shouldn't be late."

Vernon Kellogg died at Hartford on August 8th, 1937. Of his

last hours I remember only the pure white moth alighting on the wall behind his head; the presence of his step-brother Fred who stood close to my mother; the reading of messages from Herbert Hoover and William Allen White which Vernon appeared to understand, and my own senseless-too vocal grief.

At the service in Hartford Cathedral an overflow crowd heard Vernon's own words as they were read from the pulpit:

"There is a true individuality, that of uniqueness, which is the result of voluntary and comprehending action. That is, if one understands environment and acts with discerning intelligence, then there is true individuality. This uniqueness is not separative, for it is intelligence itself."

At the moment the carillon pealed out over the New England city a flood of editorials appeared in the national press. The New York Times announced that a missionary of fine zeal had passed, a voice almost unique among scientists before the World War, a voice that insisted:

"that the day had gone by when a biologist, a physicist or a chemist should confine himself to making discoveries and let statesmen and legislators apply them for better or worse in advancing national interests."

The ashes were brought back to Monterey to be interred in the old Cemeterio El Encinal with its view of the bay that Vernon and Stevenson had both so loved.

CHAPTER XIII

NEW YORK

The steam radiator sputtered in my Manhattan hotel room at 33 west 54th street. All during the winter I had warmed mugs of tea and soup on its painted bronze surfaces. Through a window that faced northwest I could see the Art Student's League building on west 57th.

Following Vernon's death, mother had encouraged me to leave what she considered to be the limited atmosphere of Carmel: "It is all right for the old but unnatural for the young to stay too long in a specialized atmosphere," she wrote. So I had come east to study with Frank Vincent Du Mond and Yasuo Kuniyoshi at the League. It was 1939. Radio City Music Hall was at one end of my block and in the evenings I could walk down to Times Square where I was fascinated--and frightened, too--by the crowds and images there. The Museum of Modern Art was building across the street, and one could get a quick education in the mid-town galleries. On winter nights golden-eyed jet towers with their plumes of colored steam rose high above glistening snowy streets.

One Saturday afternoon the telephone rang in my room--I heard the voice of the desk clerk: "Mrs. Cutting's car is at the door, Miss." "I'll be right down," I said, and picking up my overnight bag, went downstairs and out onto the street. Ever since Senator Cutting's death and the fateful interview between his mother and mine, Olivia Murray Cutting had taken me under her wing. Because I was alone in New York she invited me to Sunday

luncheons at her brownstone home on the corner of Madison Avenue and 72nd Street and to theatrical first nights and--best of all--to a seat in the Cutting box in the "Golden Horseshoe" at the Metropolitan Opera. Today, I was going to spend the weekend at "Westbrook," the 643 acre Cutting estate on Long Island.

Crossing the East River on the Triborough Bridge, Sowden, the chauffeur, continued along the Southern Parkway. Both bridge and parkway were built by Robert Moses, New York's planner and master builder. Moses lived in West Islip, close to "Westbrook" and was a good friend of its owner--a friendship that finally resulted in the Cutting family's gift of "Westbrook" to the New York Park System. In 1886, Olivia's husband, William Bayard Cutting, had planted an extensive collection of conifers on his property which was part of the Nicholl Patent, purchased in 1683 from the Sachem of the Connetquot, a semi-tribe of Indians then living on both sides of the river. Cutting was a wealthy lawyer and businessman who allied himself with social and political reform in New York City and supported William Jennings Bryan in the campaign of 1896. The Bayard Cutting Arboretum flourishes today at "Westbrook."

Olivia's father, Bronson Murray, was a friend of Lincoln, an abolitionist, advocate of women's rights and of religious liberalism. Senator Bronson Cutting had not been born to conservatism. His sympathy for the Indian and Hispanic citizens of New Mexico had been quickly recognized by that state, and rewarded by the New Yorker's election to the United States Senate from New Mexico.

After passing close to the tidelands marshes of Great South Bay, we turned inland and made a sweeping curve onto a wide drive bordered by rhododendrons; the car stopped in the courtyard of an Elizabethan style mansion--we had arrived at "Westbrook." A butler who had been watching for us, opened a leaded glass door and I went inside through a hall to the drawing-room. At its opposite end a large window framed a view of lawns sloping down to the Connetquot River.

A few minutes later, a tall silver-haired woman entered the room. Olivia Cutting had an ample figure and upright bearing; a single rope of pearls accented her black dress. We embraced, and she led me to a screened porch where we sat down to talk. O.M.C., as her friends called her, wanted to know my plans for the coming summer. She told me that a statue of her son, Bronson, was to be unveiled in Santa Fe in May. "Do you think you could represent our family at the Dedication? Neither I nor my daughter, Olivia, can possibly make the trip." Taken by surprise, I had misgivings about my ability to cope with such an assignment. "Do you think I could do it?" I said. "Of course you can, dear Jean, you are like a member of the family. I shall speak to your mother about it." Mrs. Cutting considered the matter settled, and I foresaw that I would visit the State Capitol in Santa Fe on May 6th, 1939.

The next morning I found a small pencilled note on my tray:

MISS KELLOGG--

to go with her breakfast

I love the bouquet you brought me--

How I wish you were not sound asleep now

So we could talk over many things!
Shall we have STEAK again today?
How strong you'll grow. Yours ever,

O.M.C.

A half century's difference in our ages seemed unimportant to both of us.

Another New York friendship enriched my art-oriented life in that city. In 1931, Dr. Frederick Mortimer Clapp had first organized and then later directed the Frick Collection and Museum at Fifth Avenue and Seventieth Street in upper Manhattan. We had met "Timmy" Clapp and his wife, the painter, Maude Ede, when they came to Carmel to be near the Robinson Jeffers and to renew their friendship with Blanche and Russell Matthias who had moved from New York to San Francisco. Beyond his interest in pictures, Dr. Clapp wrote poetry of great originality and significance. In New York he formed a group which met weekly to keep their Greek alive. Included were poets Allen Tate and Robert Fitzgerald.

As a young art student in California and New York, I had developed a great admiration and respect for the Director of the Frick. This fascinating man rewarded me with a cheerful and sympathetic friendship; I brought him my drawings, and as the years passed we continued our talks on painting. Leaving aside his love of perfectionism and technical excellence, I found his sensibility responded to things "forever renewed, like the grass and human passions" dear to Jeffers rather than to the impermanent or atypical aspects of nature. Educated at the College of the City of New York, at Yale and at the University of Paris; Dr. Clapp had taught at the University of Pittsburgh where he organized the Henry Clay Frick Fine Arts Department and established an

outstanding fine arts library for that industrial community. In matters of style it was the elegance of discipline that drew him to the work of the Italian Jacopo Carucci da Pontormo, while at the same time Clapp's innate reticence predisposed him toward the solitary aloofness of Pontormo's personality. Dr. Clapp's two books, one on Pontormo's drawings and one on the artist's life and work, remain central to the understanding of a painter who effectively influenced the new twentieth century concept of Mannerism. The books are among the most serious and widely studied among young art historians, setting for them high and exacting standards for studies of individual painters.

In 1913, the American architect Thomas Hastings had designed a house for Frick in New York City on the site formerly occupied by the Lenox Library. Recalling eighteenth-century French domestic architecture, the building has two main stories, a sloping roof with dormer windows, and a basement transformed by Clapp into a workshop and bomb shelter. Frick collected art over a period of forty years, making his first trip abroad with his friend Andrew Mellon. When Frick died, there were one hundred thirty-one paintings among the works of art bequeathed to the Collection. Assembled on the first floor, these "old master" pictures can be seen by the public in the intimate setting of a private residence. Dr. Clapp's orderly and disciplined mind helped him overcome the formal problems involved in transforming the house into a museum. He studied every detail of presentation and mixed the luminous grey for the walls of the Fragonard Room himself, using three opposing tones of yellow, rose and blue.

On the day selected for my first tour of the Collection the Director was wearing a dark pin-striped suit. Tall and lean with still erect posture, he returned the guard's salute with precision (Tim Clapp had been an Ace in the First World War) and led me past a formal court and down the hall to the West Gallery. Then, pointing to a large luminous canvas on the opposite wall, he said: "There is your picture--the one you most wanted to see--Rembrandt's Polish Rider," and stepping back he allowed me to approach this icon alone.

Seen against a rugged hillside surmounted by a domed citadel, a pale grey horse steps quickly from left to right. Light falling from a brown-gold sky illumines the horse and its young rider who is wearing what appears to be a military uniform. The man's vermillion hat and breeches find an echo in the quieter red of the reins. He carries a sword and a full quiver of arrows. Horse and rider seem to appear out of darkness into light and to be about to disappear into darkness again. The expression of the Cavalier is self absorbed yet looking outward. "His gaze, like that of his horse, is focussed on some unattainable objective." Painted about 1655, the picture has been the subject of endless speculation--from the state of mind of its author, its place in Rembrandt's oeuvre, the identity of its subject--to its extraordinary effect on the minds of all who see it. Next to it, on the same wall, hangs the great Rembrandt self-portrait of 1658.

In an adjoining room were a few "modern" works acquired during Clapp's directorship: The White Horse, by John Constable,

Claude-Oscar Monet's Vetheuil in Winter. Clapp had also wanted a Van Gogh, but the Starry Night had gone to New York's Museum of Modern Art. When it came to acquiring more recent paintings, the Director engaged in strenuous arguments with Miss Frick and the trustees which helped to account for his weakened physical condition when he retired in 1950. Clapp had always wanted to make clear the bridge between the old masters and the development of later styles in painting. (He had an enduring friendship with Georgia O'Keefe.) It is unfortunate that he never could accomplish this.

After pointing out some other important examples in the Collection: Goya's The Forge, Bellini's St. Francis in Ecstasy, Duccio's Temptation of Christ, Titian's Man in a Red Cap, and a pair of Holbein portraits, my friend pulled at his watch snugly tucked in his vest pocket at the end of a loop of gold chain. He had another appointment that afternoon. "I have to catch a cab because the Jaguar broke down," he said apologetically. He looked on the car as a precision instrument in spite of its occasional failures. I thanked him for his introduction to this mind-stretching place and saw him looking down at me with a wry smile. A balding crown and prominent ears emphasized the long facial oval of this shy, quiet man with eyes slightly narrowed under eyebrows drawn taut by years of study. He moved off to the front entrance and I returned to the West Gallery and sat down near The Polish Rider.

CHAPTER XIV

VERMONT

"I went to turn the grass once after one
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun."

Robert Frost

My mother was interested in writing poetry so she decided to travel to Ripton, Vermont, in order to attend Robert Frost's lectures at the Bread Loaf School of English on nearby Bread Loaf Mountain. She asked the Clapps to join us at the Writer's Conference there. A letter from "Tim" explaining that he had been ill and could not leave New York went on to say:

"...It will be nice for you to get to know Frost better. I admire his artistry concealed without guile. And his nearness to the meaning of simple things. It is no wonder he is popular. He touches, and without posturings, the sensitive spots in most men's minds."

Frost's daughter Leslie had visited us in Washington D.C., and we had met her father several times at the annual New York meetings of the American Poetry Society. We looked forward to seeing an old friend, distanced from us only by an indefinable barrier of fame and artistic pre-eminence.

After leaving his home in New Hampshire, Frost had bought a large farm lying between the town of Ripton and Bread Loaf Hill in the Green Mountains of Western Vermont. On the farm, which had belonged to the Homer Noble Family, was a log and shingle cabin where the poet lived. The widowed Mrs. Noble and her sister, Agnes Billings, took in summer guests at their house in Ripton and regularly served dinners there. The Nobles also owned a small white frame house across the road, which Frost generously

arranged for us to occupy during July, August and part of September on 1940.

The house that would be our home stood in a mixed forest of maple, birch and hemlock. Through these woods ran a fair-sized stream stained a deep coffee color by the summer rains. The creek ran by the kitchen door making a pleasant sound; where the water eddied it threw up bubbles--the larger ones fell back quickly into the stream, while the smaller ones mixed with spray and skipped over granite stones upon which a dipper and various water bugs were resting. Except for occasional interstices of luminous cloud and cerulean sky, the entire scene was enclosed by two or three varieties of birch.

The Bread Loaf Conferences on Writing began in the 1920s. To the Summer School of English, Frost had originally offered a course on The Responsibilities of Teachers of Composition. From 1939 through 1951, Frost shared a series of poetry classes with poet Louis Untermeyer. Although Frost felt that the practice of an art was more salutary than talk about it, Mark Van Doren said of him that he was a laconic New Englander: "...that is to say, he talks more than anybody. He talks all the time."

On that first morning we found the poet, dressed in a grey tweed business suit, standing near a wooden stand and lectern and about to begin his lecture. As if to focus or capture a thought, Frost raised both hands above the lectern and, firmly pressing his palms together, crossed one hand horizontally against the

vertical fingers of the other. Then, as he faced his audience, a flickering smile crossed the speaker's face.

Basic to the making of his poetry was Frost's attitude toward reality--toward those chunks of experience that become a linked series of separate original ideas in a poem--not just the development of a single theme. He was interested in the angle of presentation. "The object in writing poetry," he said, "is to make all poems as different as possible from each other." In class that morning, he spent some time analyzing the viewing angle he held to life--the withdrawing and the sallying forth--putting a case this way and that so that it catches the light in certain ways--to reveal something as opposed to dogma or the desire to prove something. He viewed the narrowed range of a limited meter as a means to power when it was played upon by dramatic tones of meaning. It was all right, he said, to move words about, to shift them by emotion slightly out of place--or even to a new base--but they ought to be able to snap back to their original place. "Push a word," my mother noted, "but do not push a push--a second or third time--it becomes meaningless and involved--ceases to be valid, and you have to begin all over again. That word valid--to get the sensational and the valid all at once--a problem for painters as well as poets, I thought.

Certain lectures were strictly technical in nature, dealing with the structure of the English language, with its polysyllabic words and iambic meter, tight or loose, varied or unvaried. The poet noted that condensation and intensity are not criteria that divide prose from poetry, but sound--prose having the single sound

of rhythm, while poetry has the double sound of rhythm laid on meter. The sound of poetry equals the action of one sound on another sound--rhythm measured by meter. Free verse is in between, a cherished prose. In prose a sentence is like a branch, each word a bud from which you can start another branch or sentence. "In the case of an author who writes both prose and poetry such as Emerson, Arnold or Hardy," he stated, "you can tell all about their prose from their poetry--their tones."

One morning I left my mother, pencil in hand, at Bread Loaf, and drove out into the surrounding countryside; I wanted to make contact with the special province of this poet by doing some sketching in the field. Leaving the birch forests behind, I approached the upland farms where steep-roofed grey houses were built to shed winter snows; sunbleached, the roofs appear shining white. Toward midday I stopped the car to listen to bulls bellowing in high pastures. Then I noticed a mower working his field barely fifty yards away; I got out my sketch stool and sat by the roadside to watch. Soon the farmer took a turn in my direction and came closer to bid me good day. When I told him that I was an artist from the West Coast and asked if he would pose leaning on his scythe, he obliged by leaning forward on the handle and straightened a slight bend in the thin single-edged blade, pressing the offending part against his forehead.

"The pressure of the grass on the scythe is very great," the mower told me. "The stroke must be skillful to avoid obstructions and leave no grass behind. A man can cut about an acre and a half a day, oxen one and a half to two acres an hour, a machine

much more." Untermeyer tells us that the scythe was one of Frost's favorite symbols. "The long single-edged cutting blade is an extension of the farmer and the poet." In The Tuft of Flowers, Frost speaks of his nearness to the spirit of the mower who had deliberately left behind a tuft of flowers for the butterflies to feed upon.

With a natural courtesy toward a stranger, the man asked me if I would care to visit his home and meet his wife and children. Leaving the car by the road we walked across the newly mowed stubble to a small grey house with a weathered shingle roof. There, Martha Wilson welcomed us with sentences that betrayed old English forms enlivening a casual dialect which Frost recognized as part of the special vocabulary of poetry: "We are bestayed by your visit--it will be an aggravation seeing you for so short a time." She went to the wood stove and brought us coffee. The two children sat apart while their father described the different kinds of trees on his farm. Harold Wilson brought me a large pointed oval leaf of the basswood (American Linden). He was able to identify all of his trees by the shapes of their leaves, afterwards giving each its Latin name. I looked about for botanical books but saw none. Was there an oral science handed down by previous generations?

It was hard to leave the family and the levelled scene with its islands of trees and flowers. Driving back to Ripton, I had time to reflect on what I had learned about the sources of Frost's poetry that were not to be found in his erudition nor his techniques. My painter's sensibilities had transposed into

literature.

Before we left Ripton, Robert Frost came down from his farm to spend an evening with us. White flannels and a dark jacket gave him a slightly formal appearance. Sitting down in a rocker in a corner of the living room, he inquired details of our Vermont stay other than visits to Bread Loaf--we had made excursions to Bridgewater and as far north as Burlington. Then the poet settled back to talk. Alert to painterly possibilities, I memorized colors: silver-white hair against drab yellow wallpaper; intense blue of eyes, round and heavy lidded under arcs of eyebrows. A forehead carved by deep horizontal lines interrupted by a vertical furrow above the nose. Frost's sense of humor was reflected in his mobile mouth with its long upper lip. He had a large chin and strong neck; his hands were farmer's hands except for long expressive fingers. The poet's manner was gentle and dignified, his speech concise and with a down country New England twang.

Outside it was a summer evening--a sudden shimmer of heat lightning must have prompted our guest to tell us the story of Bertha's Ravine:

Two little girls living near the Lincoln Road were sent out by their mother one evening to go to a neighbor's and borrow some flour. They reached their destination and were about to turn home. One of the children suggested that, instead of going home together the way they had come, one should return by the logging road while the other went across the fields--they would see who would arrive home first. The girl who went across the fields became lost and never reached home. All night they searched the rough, wild country and finally found the body in one of the deepest parts of Middlebury Gorge, lying in the stream. Footprints on both banks showed the child had jumped incredible distances back and forth in her wildness and fright. Bertha was her

name, and Bertha's Ravine the name of the steep gorge now.

As the evening lengthened we sat quietly watching the darkening forest. Green fireflies winked among tall cylinders of birch encased in thin layers of peeling bark. By day it is easy to distinguish the grey or silver birch with its dark metallic gleam from its cousins, the large brittle white mountain birch and the smaller grey white birches. The pure white bark of these last hide salmon-colored underlayers that turn grey and chalky when exposed to air. In the adult tree striking parabola-shaped slashes appear on the boles; black without, brown within, they are sometimes lined with green lichen--cool over warm, warm over cool--a color scheme worthy of Braque!

Frost began again in his sharp accent: "I wrote 'New Hampshire' between ten at night and ten in the morning; then going out into that morning in a state of auto-intoxication 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening' came flowing out with only a slight faltering toward the last stanza; there was that element of surprise coming sometimes from the commitments in a poem."

I noted that my mother and Frost were in total agreement on the subject of interpretative criticism. "It analyzes itself and the poem to death," he said. In this he was of one mind with Frederick Mortimer Clapp who carried that view over into the discipline of painting. The sixteen short lines of "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" had been subjected to pages of review. "Criticism acts like a science, dissecting art and poetry and offering a field day to ambiguity hunters," Frost observed.

For years I had thought about the difficulties of criticism;

I realized that there were only a handful of creative critics in any generation--men like Baudelaire and Focillon in France, and Rosenberg, Armitage and John Updike in America. I feel that many ambitious critics destroy the beauty and originality of the works they "criticize" by ignoring the creative well of being from which they emerge, and the sense of art as noble play--to paraphrase Picasso.

"But all the fun's in how you say a thing," wrote Frost.

I had brought along a first edition of Collected Poems; its author picked it up and read for us a number of them: "The Mountain" (he said he cared greatly for it), "Spring Pools" and "The Road Not Taken." When he had finished, he turned to me with a glint of smile and asked if I would like him to transcribe a poem on the book's flyleaf before he returned it. I chose "Spring Pools" and he moved to a desk to write both poem and dedication.

I have chosen not to dwell on the tragic and complex circumstances of the poet's life. Many of these are expressed in the darker registers of his poetry. In the month following our last talk together, Frost's only surviving son, Carol, took his own life; and his public image has been made more human by revelations of jealousies, resentments, conceits and self-deceptions. That night in Ripton we experienced only the slightly detached yet somehow warm affection and kindness of the man who stayed and talked with us until after one in the morning.

I had the certain feeling that I would not see the poet again--and indeed I did not. For me there was such a thing as

having a moment, and, as Frost once said, "The great thing is to know a moment when you have one."

CHAPTER XV
INDIAN INTERLUDE

Mother had settled in New York in order to carry on her work for the Polish Government in Exile in Scotland, raising funds for a hospital in Edinburgh bearing Paderewski's name. I was anxious to return to Carmel and looked forward to the train trip with a stop at Cheyenne where the Overland Limited took on mountain engines to cross the Great Divide. Since my early years my parents had let me travel alone, and I was well acquainted with the continental geography beneath the tracks.

One western trip that I shall never forget began in Washington D.C. when I was about sixteen. Mrs. Frederick Walcott, wife of the President of the Smithsonian Institution, and a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, wanted to drive out to the Indian country to see conditions there for herself. She also planned to continue her watercolor painting of American wildflowers. (The Smithsonian later published a portfolio edition.) For those purposes she proposed to use the family car, a maroon-colored Pierce Arrow, and the family chauffeur, a Black man and former prize-fighter named Alfonso. Next, she required a companion who needed to get west, if for a different reason. So "Pussey" Walcott, as this near eighty year old Quaker lady was affectionately called, approached my parents and offered to give me a lift to the coast. Surprisingly they agreed and soon all of Washington was talking about the coming summer expedition of the old lady, the girl and the prize-fighter. This trip was to be my first real introduction to the American Indian. Father kept his

volumes of Catlin's Indian drawings at home, and the originals as well as the paintings were all down at the Smithsonian. I was well prepared.

Alfonso worried about the trip; he was responsible for the safety of two ladies and--how would the Pierce Arrow behave at high altitudes? He decided to take along his dumb-bells and exercised faithfully each morning. We crossed the Great Divide near Gunnison, Colorado; south of there, climbing a pass in the San Juan Mountains near Silverton, the Pierce Arrow engine boiled at 10,000 feet. We were considerably delayed until we could descend past Mesa Verde into the Southern Ute Indian Reservation. To the southwest lay the Navajo Indian Reservation which we entered by way of Shiprock in northwestern New Mexico, from there we drove into northeast Arizona, visiting the Indians and their more remotely situated traders.

One night, while sleeping in a tent pitched in a large open field, I awoke to find my friend's cot empty--terrified, I rushed outside and saw, some distance away, a dim figure seated on a camp stool with a flashlight in one hand and a paint brush in the other. "Pussey" was having one of her great adventures. She had found a famous Arizona wildflower--the night-blooming cereus--the selenicereus cactus whose fragrant blossoms unfold after sunset and last only a single night!

Clambering the Black Mesa cliff dwellings near Kayenta and the ruins in Canyon de Chelly, I began to sense the vast extent of prehistoric civilization on this continent carried on, however attenuated, by many tribes and by the Hopis on their mesas. At

Marble Canyon we skirted the Vermillion Cliffs and continuing beyond the Kaibab Plateau and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, entered California by way of the Mohave Indian Reservation. The Pierce Arrow was shipped back to Washington and Alfonso was once again seen making his daily trip from the Walcott home in the northwest section of the city down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Smithsonian. I have not mentioned the problem of nightly accommodations for a Black on our trip west (in 1926) for Mrs. Walcott managed it so skillfully that I was hardly aware of it. She was well rewarded by this extraordinary man, whom I grew to admire as a wise and capable friend.

My adventure in the Indian country was followed, a decade later, by two summers spent as guest of Miss Florence Bartlett at "El Mirador," her home in Alcalde, New Mexico, in the area of the Rio Grande pueblos. Florence was the sister of Frederick Bartlett of Chicago, who had given an important collection of impressionist paintings to the Chicago Art Institute. Another sister founded the Heard Indian Museum in Phoenix, Arizona. I had met Florence in Carmel where she was visiting Judge Mary Bartelme, also of Chicago, and the nation's first woman Judge of a Juvenile Court. Upon her retirement, Judge Mary had come out to Carmel and built her home next to ours in the Highlands.

My third significant introduction to the American Indian was through Mrs. Bayard Cutting, who was a friend of Oliver La Farge (author of "Laughing Boy"), and the mother of Bronson Cutting, the ill-fated Senator from New Mexico.

Today, there is renewed interest in the attitude of the

Indian toward what might be called the mythology of ecology. In our own culture we look to Thoreau and Jeffers for similar insight into the close relationship between the internal and the external landscape. The Indian finds a totem--often an animal--in the environment he inhabits, and the mystical correspondence between them awakens him to the land he lives on. Knowledge of place helps him to know the self--morally as well as physically. Person and place are made from the same substance.

CHAPTER XVI

CARMEL III

The west windows of our board and batten cabin in the Carmel Highlands were open wide to the late afternoon sun. Just below, a forest of Monterey Pine descended toward the Pacific shore; it was July and the forest floor under a layer of russet needles sent up a pungent aromatic odor. The northwest trades blew wisps of lavender fog across the sun's face, shading the pale sea.

All my inner being responded to this place--like the daily fog drift I had found my prevailing direction. If, as the French critic Henri Focillon said: "The artist creates the landscape," it is equally true, I think, that there are no ideas but in things--to paraphrase the poet William Carlos Williams. Knowledge of place does help us to know ourselves both physically and morally since we are made of the same substance. In the same way our inner rhythm is a test of external reality.

A few years before Dougherty's death in 1947, I returned to the Highlands to carry on my painting. Father had deeded me the property and my mother found an Austrian woman and former nurse, Miss Lina Franz, and set us up in our old cabin close to my studio. Some years later, Lina's nephew, a Ventura surgeon, was instrumental in helping to save my mother's life. Lina had two main interests--the Spanish language and love of the out-of-doors. We explored nearby canyons in the Spring. The coastal hills were covered with wild lilac, their emerald slopes with a thousand flowers--bright yellow blazing-stars, cream cups, blue

eyes, tidy tips, lupine and Sweet Cicely. We scared up fish in the brooks whose banks were covered with trillium, Solomon's Seal and gold-backed ferns that will leave a print on your hand. Little green snakes dashed about, and here and there a tall royal purple larkspur rose like a sentinel to mark the way.

Franz--I called her by her last name--Franz and I drove dirt roads into Upper Carmel Valley--a locale that my husband and I would later call home. We rented a cabin on a ranch belonging to the McFaddens, an Irish couple from Monterey. Our retreat was poised precariously on a steep slope in Black Rock Canyon deep in the Coast Range hills. Chief among hired hands were Angelo, a Spaniard, an elderly Frenchman named Mr. Laval and a tall thin cowboy referred to as "Slim." Wild boar roamed everywhere, having been imported from Europe sometime after the First World War by a famous neighbor, Colonel George Gordon Moore. The evening meal at the ranch-house was spiced with tales of sightings of the ghost of the bandit, Onorio Vasquez, which regularly crossed the stream below the old silver mine in the form of a ball of green fire.

CHAPTER XVII

THE DESERT

By 1938, my work had progressed far enough for me to mount a one-man show at the Ferargil Galleries on New York's 57th Street. The Gallery belonged to Frederick Newlin Price, a scholar devoted to the memory of Albert Pinkham Ryder--an artist whom Price believed to be "one of those great personalities who arrive to remind us of the world as a thing superb, just out of reach, yet very near, part of our soul that calls us back to God--beauty, the miracle of reincarnation, the wonderfully gorgeous friendship with life."

The exhibition, opening in October of that year, proved to be a success. Former President Hoover brought reporters from the New York Times for a photo session; Mrs. Murray Crane and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss (both trustees of New York's Museum of Modern Art) bought paintings--as did Mrs. Bayard Cutting, Sidney Howard and Mrs. Charles Adams. The New York Herald Tribune and Art News Magazine published reviews. Among things sold were two pastelles of the interior of Mission San Xavier Del Bac situated in the desert south of Tucson, Arizona. These were bought by Dr. Charles Burlingame, Director of the Hartford Retreat Mental Hospital in Hartford, Connecticut.

In 1921, Vernon Kellogg, representing the National Research Council, helped to establish the solar research laboratory in Tucson, and working with the Carnegie Foundation there, assisted a botanical lab where Dr. D. T. MacDougal was developing his

methods of tree ring dating.

So, we came to seek refuge in the desert from Washington winters--usually in January. Father bought twelve acres on the slopes of the Santa Catalinas north of town; here where rocks and canyons were highly colored and streams reflected indigo skies, I began a series of water colors that contrasted with my Carmel marines. On the coast there were always sea murmers--on these desert shelves there was only intense silence punctuated by an occasional sharp click of deer hooves crossing shale rock.

It had soon become apparent that neither the Catalinas nor the Tucson climate would be able to halt the progress of Vernon's disease. Years of overstrain had attacked not only muscular control but memory itself. The mysterious delicate nerve balance fussily adjusted to environment like an electroscope had been fatally disturbed.

After Vernon's death, Dick Jenkins, a Baltimore gentleman, invited mother and myself to spend a month at his Rancho de La Osa a spread of hills bordering Mexican Sonora. The landscape southwest of Tucson and northwest of La Osa was dominated by a range of mountains named for its most prominent peak--"Baboquivari." The desert floor at the base of the mountains was a garden of flowering Cacti, Opuntia (prickly pears), chollas with their blond spines, tall Ocotilla wands tipped with scarlet blooms, spreading Palo Verde trees and everywhere giant saguaro on guard. Enticed into this place with its interesting birds, insects and animals, I set down my camp stool and began to paint and just before my show was to open in New York I finished an oil

portrait of "Old Babs" as that peak was called by its human neighbors.

Astonishingly, I found an immediate buyer for my sketch. Carlos Ronstadt, President of the Baboquivari Cattle Company, lived with his family on the Santa Margarita Ranch right at the foot of the mountain. When Ronstadt saw my painting at neighboring La Osa he offered to buy it. Later, he wrote me:

"Our living constantly with 'Old Babs' makes us know him well; we realize that he has a soul and radiating character which few can get. There is no doubt in my mind but that this inanimate and unconquerable being has had much to do with the lives of those who have lived beneath him. Your picture is the first of many which brings out that something which cannot be described... We all wish you great luck with your exhibition and will be very interested to hear how you come out."

In New York several of my desert things sold.

Shortly before we were to leave La Osa, mother and I decided to make a brief excursion across the border into Sonora. Telling the ranch hands to expect us back for tea, we set out in my Ford, crossed the border at Sasabe and entered unfamiliar territory. Unaware of the treacherous nature of the sand in the bottom of arroyos and gulies that would intersect our dirt road, we soon became hopelessly mired and as temperature rose I realized that Charlotte might suffer heat stroke or worse. About the time when we were expected back at La Osa, help arrived in the form of a group of Mexicans driving their heavy truck right along the bottom of our ravine. Seeing our predicament they hitched us to the rear of their vehicle and soon had us out and on our way--but not before we had given them some leftover oranges which they seemed delighted to receive.

Arrived safely back at the ranch we found a search party about to set out to look for us. However, if it had not been for our fortuitous rescue our "excursion" might have turned into a serious--if not tragic--adventure.

revised

CHAPTER XVIII

CARMEL IV

I have said that the Kellogg property adjoined the northern boundary of Spanish and Portuguese land grants stretching south to Big Sur and beyond. In a sense our line along a little canyon filled with pines and toyon and wild currant bushes was a kind of informal frontier. Our immediate neighbors to the south were the Victorines; Jo, father of this Portuguese family, helped to maintain our access road and hauled granite boulders from Mal Paso beach for pillars and garden walls. I loved to work with him. Another Portuguese road builder on the coast was Frank de Amaral, Vernon's friend.

Father had already taught me the basics of living on the ground--tending compost pits and removing encroaching roots from septic tank lines. I learned that there were other techniques for living besides grinding and applying colors. It was the happiest of times; and there was opportunity to watch the evening expeditions of a Great Horned Owl mother to collect a snake or mouse for her blond young high in their nest in the grand old pine on the canyon edge.

After Lina Franz went back to Ventura, mother put me up at Peter Pan Lodge. There I met the Charles Elliots. The Elliots were British; Charles had spent some years as a tea-taster in the Orient--principally China. They lived in Diablo, across the bay from San Francisco; then had purchased an acre of land--most all cliff--just south of Point Lobos State Park. Since they did not

spend much time in the Highlands, they appointed me unofficial caretaker of their property which included three buildings--the main house in a sorry state of repair, a smaller concrete and plaster structure close to the water and a double garage with rooms above which served as a gate house where the drive leading down from the coast highway crossed the property line. A formal entrance was secured by heavy iron gates (always open) which swung out from chalk rock pillars crowned with two large leaded lamps which Charles had brought down from San Francisco's Bohemian Grove. At that time I was unaware that the place would later be my home for fifteen years.

The site was actually a small promontory surrounded on three sides by ocean. To the north there was a view of Gibson Beach which belonged to the Park, and out across a smallish bay to Bird Island encircled by ocean; while from the south rim one looked across a narrow inlet and down along the Highlands coast toward Big Sur. Occasionally a few killer whales gathered in the bay to assess the hunting potential for sea lions lolling on the ledges about Bird Island. When sea otters first reappeared on the central coast a few families took up residence in the kelp beds just off our "Point." Hearing of this Walt Disney sent up one of his photographers to do some work there. Mother and I were in residence then and I remember that Charlotte made chicken sandwiches for her guest to take on his long drive back to Los Angeles.

The concrete building served as self-sufficient studio. Besides a large main room and north window, it had a functional

kitchen and an old fashioned bathroom a few steps below a steep slope on the south side. From the studio, a path led down to the beach, and due west a large cypress tree growing on a rocky knoll cut off the view just there. Other natives were pines, oaks and wild lilac all of which flourished in the Park.

In order to please the Elliots I twice rented the studio to distinguished artists--Henry Varnum Poor from New City, New York, and Donald Prendergast, a professor from the Chicago Art Institute. Henry came out with his daughter Anne and helped me enormously with my work, inviting me to visit his studio on the Hudson, an opportunity I later took advantage of. Prendergast also helped me, and I think that it was near the end of his stay that the oil furnace in the basement of the main house blew up coating the main building with soot--the furnace happened to supply heat to the studio--the furnace room just across a cement walk from the studio entrance. The awful fright I experienced was due not only to cleanup worries but to the knowledge that my guests might have been injured. Later when mother and I bought the property from the Elliots in 1949, the main house had to be torn down to its foundation and rebuilt. Fortunately the garage apartment was liveable, and later we rented it out to offset a financial situation which Charlotte described as "a bottomless pit."

After equilibrium had been restored at Elliot Point or "Sea Girt" as Charles and Mollie preferred to call it--I invited Charis Weston, wife of photographer Edward Weston, to keep her kayak in the studio kitchen thinking we might use it to explore

the sea-caves on the other side of the bay. Charis was a forceful young woman. Daughter of Harry Leon Wilson, a popular novelist of the 1920's, she and Edward had built a studio on a section of her father's property near Wildcat Canyon in Carmel Highlands. There one could always count on meeting other distinguished photographers and stimulating people. Nancy and Beaumont Newhall, directors of George Eastman House in Rochester New York, made the place a focus of their visits to the west coast, Ansel Adams dropped down from Yosemite; Frederick Sommer, the surrealist photographer, drove up to Wildcat Hill from Arizona. Wynn Bullock, recognized for his attempt to express duration in terms of photography, sought Weston's advice and occasionally one of the new breed of aerial photographers could be found slumped in a chair near the west window. It was natural that I came to haunt this household where I was first tolerated--then made to feel at home.

One visitor came to play a pivotal role in my life as graphic artist. Merle Armitage, impressario and book designer, was Weston's close friend. In 1932, Armitage had brought out the first book devoted entirely to Weston's work: The Art of Edwaard Weston gained recognition and a wide audience for the photographer's images. Edward introduced me to Merle, who later made it possible for me to illustrate Robinson Jeffers' poen The Loving Shepherdess with a suite of nine etchings.

In 1938, Charis and Edward were married after Weston finally dissolved his thirty year marriage to Flora Chandler, mother of his four sons; Chandler, Brett, Neil and Cole. Charis was

twenty-five, Edward fifty-two. There had been other women in Weston's life, notably Tina Modotti, an Italian born beauty who became E. W.'s pupil and partner in Mexico. Besides being a fine writer, Charis provided the stability of a home where the older man could receive his friends. Excepting Chandler, the sons came to live in Carmel; Brett and Cole pursued photography--notably Brett, a brilliant technician with an individual poetic style. Cole pioneered in color photography and carried on a number of diverse interests. Neil was a builder--of boats and houses--and constructed what the collector, Walter Arensberg, called Weston's "palatial shack."

The big unpainted board and batten living room measured twenty by twenty-eight feet; it had a galley type kitchen and opened into the dark room at one end. Just above the dark room was a storage loft, and a bathroom was tucked in nearby. At the opposite end of the main room a fireplace provided the only source of heat. Ranged in front of it were a black painted model stand which had belonged to Weston's friend, the painter Henrietta Shore, (which he later gave to me) and a semi-circle of canvas seated directors chairs. One or more of Edward's tribe of pet cats could usually be found napping here.

Just two miles south of Elliot Point on the old Coast Road, or two miles north of my studio on Walden Road, I began to frequent Wildcat Hill in the early forties. Weston never questioned my presence; my mother had earlier commissioned portraits, and we had mutual friends among the Highlands artists. He did not pay much attention to me, but let me stay as long as I

pleased. He was a kind man, and Charis, who was three years younger than I, found ways to ask me to stay and share the salad she had made for supper.

Near the darkroom, a large table doubled as dining and work space. Close at hand, a grey wooden panel on wheels waited to be used as a neutral background for portrait sittings. By changing its angle to the daylight from which he worked, Edward could lighten or darken its effect on the finished print. A skylight and three French windows gave light from the north and west. Built-in cabinets housing several thousand prints lined the west wall and supported a wide bookshelf where Edward had placed an abstract wood sculpture made by a friend. A half-dozen framed Weston photographs hung on nails driven into the walls.

An extension off the main room faced the ocean and served the photographer for a bedroom. Board walls and a bare wooden floor gave the place an austere look relieved by the splash of a black and red Mexican rug thrown over the double bed. Other evidences of Weston's years in Mexico decorated the main area--terra cotta plates; a wooden salad bowl painted with bright flowers. In a small drawer of his desk Edward kept a collection of clay figurines and Pre-Columbian stone fragments.

Soon I was being asked to the informal dances Weston organized on weekends and special occasions. He loved to dance, keeping his espadrilles close to the floor in the flat shuffling gait he had learned in Mexico. Edward Henry Weston was still tanned and sturdy looking. A short 5' 5", his hair was grey now, receding from the temples. His face had a rugged look, a strong

nose and determined mouth dominated by penetrating brown eyes. The nails of his right hand were stained a dark nut color from a developing agent called pyro soda which was followed by Amidol, a print developer which deepened the stain. Weston worked without a glove.

At the dances I met Weston's sons and their young friends; Neil sitting next to his future wife, Kraig Short; Brett with his daughter Erica--she had a talent for dancing--and Cole and his wife, Dorothy; she had danced with Martha Graham, and would later pose for me for illustrations for a Jeffers poem. From his post near the front door Edward Weston ground coffee for his guests.

In 1943, I had met Alfred Steiglitz in New York; oddly, I associated him and his 291 Gallery wholly with painters and paintings, missing the historical and philosophical connection between the photographs of Steiglitz and those of Weston. To quote Ansel Adams:

"It was Weston who accomplished more than anyone, with the possible exception of Alfred Steiglitz, to elevate photography to the status of fine-art expression."

And it was not until 1943 when Weston gave me his copy of Elie Faure's illustrated essay on the painter Andre' Derain (whom I had visited in Paris) that I realized that the photographer was not unaware of artistic expressions other than western; I think that it may have been Derain's drawings of female Nudes with their dense architectonic arrangements of form that impressed--if not influenced--the man who would become known for his pace setting Nudes in photography.

About this time, when I was studying Dynamic Symmetry,

Edward brought Neil and Charis and her brother, Leon, to my studio. He had in mind a satirical photograph with each of us appearing at a separate window, holding various utilitarian objects from kitchen and bathroom. I was ashamed that Weston had chosen a rear view of my place, with its exposed plumbing pipes and ramshackle shingled walls. He placed me behind a window screen--perhaps a reference to what he perceived to be my repressed personality--called the print "Exposition of Dynamic Symmetry," and sold it to New York's Museum of Modern Art.

I was getting on with my work, and relied increasingly on Edward for support and encouragement. If it is true that Weston was not always certain of my artistic ability, he wanted to believe in me, and was always relieved when I brought him something he could like. "This is better than I thought it would be!" he would say. In 1946, Edward introduced me to Madame Jehanne Salinger, a distinguished French critic and journalist living in San Francisco, who arranged a solo exhibit for me at the Lucien Labaudt Gallery. Since Edward had worked in San Francisco he had many friends there and he urged them to attend. In its description of the opening reception, The San Francisco Chronicle wrote:

"Fresh from Carmel within the half hour was the internationally recognized photographer, Edward Weston, still in that colony's typical garb--a casual brown shirt with leather buttons--"

Charis and I did have our adventure in the waves. She was a beautiful girl, fair with pale blue eyes. E. W. celebrated her elegant body through his epoch making NUDES. "Never hire a model, always use your friends," Edward told me. Besides her

obvious beauty Charis had intelligence and character. She was an excellent swimmer and was not above testing my stamina when, watching from the beach, she saw me caught in surf and unsuccessfully trying to make shore. She waited until the last minute--then swam out to rescue me.

That night, lying awake, I reflected on my afternoon's struggle with the waves and the gripping fear when I sensed that at any moment I might be overwhelmed. So I rose and went to look out the studio west window--for there was a full moon abroad.

"Such peace is on the great pine wood,
Such moonlight on the sea,
Such running rhythms on the night
That frontiers cease to be."¹⁴

From a distance everything appeared to be transformed into a profound undisturbed tranquility.

Jean Charlot, the great French mural painter who worked in Mexico and Hawaii explained to me that the two states as expressed in the movement and activity of bronze sculpture and, conversely, the inner quiet of stone, had always existed in art.